

*The American*

# LEGION

M A G A Z I N E



NAVY DAY



OCTOBER - 27



OCTOBER 1939

*Time Out...*

LIGHT UP WITH

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more smoking pleasure*

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smokers everywhere are agreed that Chesterfields  
are milder and better-tasting . . . for everything you  
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*They Satisfy* .. MILLIONS

# Through a Glass DARKLY

BY WILLIAM B. JOHNSON

*Illustration*  
by FORREST C. CROOKS

IT IS the night of the quarterly entertainment program provided by our Post for the Veterans' Facility. The auditorium is crowded. From my vantage point in the balcony I watch the men file in. They come in groups of various sizes, attended by the internes of their respective wards. Noisily they slouch along to the end of the row of chairs, filling the aisles in a manner bespeaking long training. They react, it seems to me, somewhat mechanically.

Halfway down the auditorium is a row filled with women—the patients of Ward Seven. They sit quietly, most of them silent and expressionless. Only one, whom I shall call Ann, displays animation. She, without provocation, laughs long and heartily. A note of hysteria is evident. No one notices, and again all is quiet save for the shifting in their seats of these eight hundred men and women.

My gaze wanders around the auditorium and I see many apparent reasons why these men are inmates of this Facility, which houses and treats mental cases. Some few sit there reading newspapers, which they continue to read throughout the program. Others make weird gestures, repeating them over and over again. Still others get up, walk up and down the aisle, and finally sit down again.

The lights dim, curtains part, and the Master of Ceremonies for the evening stands on the stage, bowing to the tumultuous applause of the eager assemblage. His jokes are received with hearty laughter, high and above all others being that of Ann. She pays no attention to the somber visages of her companions. Something strikes her funny, and she laughs, unashamed. Those of us in the balcony laugh, too, but our tones are strangely soft and we feel a sharp restraint to our gay mood. The seriousness of the situation permeates our consciousness. We remember the story of Ann. Once a brilliant nurse, decorated by King



Permits his hand to be held throughout the afternoon

George. A brave woman, who offered and gave her all.

The show goes on. Every act is received with enthusiasm. The artists react most favorably and give a splendid perform-

ance. I notice that not only comedy strikes a responsive chord in the souls of these men—deep drama reaches through to the understanding of most of them. I am intrigued, and determine to study further the strange situation.

The show ends and the Master of Ceremonies gets (Continued on page 38)

*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

OCTOBER, 1939

# The American LEGION MAGAZINE

VOL. 27, NO. 4

Published Monthly by The American Legion, 455 West 22d Street, Chicago, Illinois

EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES  
Indianapolis, Indiana



EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES  
15 West 48th St., New York City

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**T**HE Twenty-First Annual National Convention of The American Legion will be in session as this issue of the magazine is being distributed. When the gavel has dropped on the final meeting of the convention, and the delegates and visitors start homeward the editorial staff of the magazine will be getting together the material for the story of what will have happened in Chicago. It will appear in the next issue after this one—November, 1939.

**S**TEAMER NASON takes you back to the A.E.F. and his experiences therein, in *Something to Eat*. Clarence F. Hofferbert's *Ten Thousand French Verbs* is a fiction story of France in that same hectic period, with fact and fancy mingled together to produce a pleasing effect. Albert Thurston Rich's *Better Than Bullion*, a true story that starts in the Philippines and ends in this country, will give you a slant on the Chinese which you perhaps haven't suspected. Those of you who know their old-time Navy will get a thrill out of Harry Albright's account of the U.S.S. *Baltimore*, and every gob, as well as landsmen all, will understand how Jack Franklyn felt when the incidents mentioned in *See You in Jail* were in the making. General Summerall's *Ready at the Word* tells you something about the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, a mighty important component of Uncle Sam's defense forces.

**O**UT on a limb, in *Get Your Winning Colors!*, goes Legionnaire Bill Cunningham, giving his ideas about the order in which college football teams will finish in various parts

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A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 55.

of the country this fall. Cunningham knows his pigskin, for he was All-America at Dartmouth, a great lineman at Dartmouth after his return from the A. E. F., and he's been writing football, as well as other sports, for the *Boston Post*, for a good many years. But his heart belongs to Texas and in his forecast you'll notice him pointing with pride to the Lone Star State.

**L**ELAND STOWE'S *Eyes Right* in the June issue dealt in forthright fashion with fascist and nazi penetration in South America. One of the most interesting passages of his article was that in which Mr. Stowe told about how General Carlos Quintanilla, commander-in-chief of the Bolivian army, entertained him at the German Club in Arequipa, Peru, after the close of the Pan-American Conference held at Lima early this year. "He told me," the Stowe article went on, "he was on his way to Europe; first, to pay a personal visit to Hitler and then to Mussolini, after which he'd also confer with General Franco in Spain. The general was a big, finely-built professional soldier of fifty, and he came naturally by his Prussian-like carriage, for he had taken his commission in the kaiser's imperial army just before the war. Hitler, he said, was the greatest man in the world. . . ." When on August 23d German Busch, dictator of Bolivia, died of a gunshot wound said to have been self-inflicted, General Quintanilla assumed the provisional presidency of Bolivia, by "unanimous determination of the generals, chiefs of garrisons and members of the Cabinet." Wonder what he thinks about the Monroe Doctrine.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE is the official publication of The American Legion, and is owned exclusively by the The American Legion. Copyright 1939 by The American Legion. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Stephen F. Chadwick, Indianapolis, Ind., National Commander, Chairman of the Legion Publishing and Publicity Commission; Members of Commission: Philip L. Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.; William H. Doyle, Malden, Mass.; Phil Conley, Charleston, W. Va.; Raymond Fields, Guthrie, Okla.; Jerry Owen, Portland, Ore.; Lynn Stambaugh, Fargo, N. D.; Harry C. Jackson, New Britain, Conn.; Tom McCaw, Dennison, Ohio; Carter D. Stamper, Beattyville, Ky.; John J. Wicker, Jr., Richmond, Va.; Theodore Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; John B. McDade, Scranton, Pa.; Robert L. Colflesh, Des Moines, Ia.; Dwight Griswold, Gordon, Neb.; Dr. William F. Murphy, Palestine, Tex.

Director of Publications, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Director of Advertising, Frederick L. Maguire; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Art Editor, William MacLean; Associate Editors, Alexander Gardiner and John J. Noll.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 Cents, yearly subscription, \$1.30.

# ONCE *a* FLAGSHIP---

BY HARRY ALBRIGHT

**E**VEN as you scan the tired old cruiser brooding at her moorings just off the Pearl Harbor Fleet Air Base at the mighty American fortress of Oahu, the roar of naval artillery seems to hang heavy over the green clad heights of the sub-tropical island.

From those ancient decks and from the gun ports in that now scarred and rusted hull, there spoke the guns that in a single day helped sink a Spanish fleet, win an Island kingdom, and lift the United States of America into the very forefront of the world's family of nations.

For although today the U. S. S. *Baltimore* is a ship without a crew, she is a veteran of a glorious and glamorous era in the history of America.

It was she who led Dewey's fighting line at one stage of the battle of Manila



A top-ranking cruiser of her day, she boasted a speed of 20 knots, and mounting four eight-inch and six six-inch rifles and fourteen rapid-fire guns, she was a potent unit in the then reborn fleet of the United States.

But come aboard up the steel ladder flanges on the side of her hull and have a look at the ship close-to. Gaining the main deck of the *Baltimore* you look down on the equally antique navy tug *Navajo* which like the cruiser has been left here to die. Picking your way along the deck you go forward to the foot of the bridge ladders, then climb gingerly upwards until you gain the chart room of the old ship.

Here in the hot mid-morning sunlight you pause for a moment to survey the dismantled wheelhouse. Then as you



Bay . . . It was she who carried the body of the designer of the *Monitor* to its last resting place . . . And it was she who called herself flagship of three United States fleets.

Ancient and obsolete, the once proud cruiser that blazed across the headlines of the world when Dewey made history at Manila, the *Baltimore* seems even more ancient when compared with the huge modern naval patrol bombing planes that roar above her, or when one gazes from her to the powerful, sleek heavy cruiser undergoing overhaul at the Navy Yard across the channel.

But the *Baltimore* in her day was the

**The U. S. S. Baltimore as of today: At top, the bridge, from which anxious eyes noted Dewey's progress at Manila Bay. At left, with the tug *Navajo*. At right, fore-deck of the historic ship, which is now berthed at Ford Island, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii**

most modern fighting ship of them all.

As the Navy Yard's gas tug comes alongside the old seafighter, you cannot but picture her as she looked when she joined the famed White Squadron back in '88.

enter the captain's office and emergency cabin, you think of those hot, tense nights of '98 with Dewey's squadron approaching Manila—steaming towards the Spanish fleet under Admiral Montejo and one of the greatest victories in the history of the American Navy.

You place a hand on the sprawling wicker-bottom chair before the old writing desk and recall cares weighing like iron on Captain N. M. Dyer on those tropic nights preceding that proud powder-seared day at Manila Bay. Back in the wheelhouse you try the engine room signals which refuse to budge, test the speaking (Continued on page 48)

BY LEONARD H. NASON



# Something TO EAT

IT WAS in the summertime, and my regiment had been at the front just long enough for the novelty to wear off and for us to begin to crab about the chow. We were in some nice woods up behind Château-Thierry, and life couldn't have been sweeter, except for this ding-donged goldbrick we had for a cook.

"Listen," said I to him, "if you put out any more canned termatters I'm gonna take steps to have a couple of 'em shoved down your neck. I'm rankin' sergeant around these diggin's and, by gad I'm not gonna grow a termatter nose."

"I got to do somethin' with 'em," pleaded the cook. "They're issued to me.

I got a surplus of 'em. I can't throw 'em away."

It seems that some wise guy with a tomato farm on his hands had sold the Government the idea that canned tomatoes would be a joy to the hungry soldat. Maybe so, but not every meal. I got into such a frame of mind I slung my whole messkit full of chow on the ground and went off into the woods to curse.

It was a tough war we were fighting. We were in a patch of woods just west of Le Bocage Farm, and had for a view the great wheat fields that swept north toward somewhere, probably the Marne valley. We'd been there ten days. I think we saw a boche airplane once, but that was all. The boys on the guns fired a few

rounds a night and let it go at that. The rest of the time we caught up on our sleep, and lay around thinking how swell it was not to have formations, and no drill to do. If we had only had decent chow, the front would have been heaven.

So I was in the woods, near where there was a first-aid post. If you think we were goldbricks, imagine a doctor and half a dozen helpers in that place. He didn't even have a boil to cut. If this was war, no wonder this one had gone on for four years.

"Ho, sergeant!"

Someone was calling to me with a French accent. It was a young lad, a *maréchal des logis*, from a French battalion that was in back of us. 214 R.A. (truck drawn). They had a life. They all lived in trailers, they had a couple of cows, maybe fifty hens and ducks, and

**Thought they  
wouldn't shoot at  
a lone man**



*Illustrations  
by*

HERBERT M. STOOPS

Peter's face went white as he pointed toward the bushes



all the eatable goods that a retreat through thirty miles of rich farm country yielded them. They had champagne and wine stacked around like shell heaps.

"Sergeant," said this lad to me, "this is the Fourteenth of July. It is our great national feast day. I have been asked by the sergeants' mess to invite you to dinner with us tonight, which we will have for a celebration."

I could have laid down in the mud and howled.

"Monseer the *maréchal des logis*," said I, "enchanted is the only word I can think of to describe my feelings, but that ain't the half of it. What time shall I appear?"

"Oh, five o'clock. We will have to be finished by dark. We have a stand-to period. Finished to eat, that is. After the stand-to, we can drink again."

"Fine."

So we strolled along a little path under the trees and looked across the wheat toward Bocage, and the other way where there were some more woods. Petit Bordeaux, I think, and we conversed. He was the English interpreter for his battalion and I was the French one for

mine. I was encouraged to know that he couldn't speak any more English than I could French, but between the two of us the officers could get along. It was nice of them to invite me to their dinner, especially with all the stuff I knew they had.

"Couldn't I bring over something tonight?" I asked. "Some canned tomatoes?"

"Aw," says he, "would you be so kind? We'd like them immensely. We have no conserves that are anything like them."

"We got about fifty cases back o' the kitchen," said I. "Bring over a detail and you can have them. I'm rankin' sergeant here; I'll tell the cook."

Poor sap, he was so tickled he almost kissed me.

I was no man to hide my good fortune under a bushel. I told the mess sergeant I wouldn't be there to eat any of his bill-sticker's paste that evening, account I had been invited to the sergeants' mess of the truck-drawn battery to eat roast duck. A couple of pals of mine in the liaison detail of which I was the chief came hanging around with their tongues out, and finally offered cigarettes against whatever I would bring back to them.

Even the cook came creeping along, and allowed that he had some canned peas he had been saving for the officers' mess, but that if I could get hold of a bottle of vin rooge, the peas could be had as medium of exchange, and that hereafter there would be a little more attention paid to my personal diet.

"The French are comin' over here this afternoon after your surplus termatters; be nice to them," said I. "When I come back from the dinner, I'll bring you a plate to lick."

Come four o'clock, I shaved, and put on my clean shirt. I had a tailor-made uniform I was wearing that I brushed up and made snappy-looking, and I cleaned and oiled my tin hat. At four-thirty the battery commander came down the path under the trees.

"The battalion commander wants a sergeant that can speak French," said the Old Man. "You'll report to him at the battalion P. C. at once."

"Will it be for long, sir?"

"All night. The Seventh Infantry is pulling off a private offensive tomorrow morning and they want someone along that can adjust fire. The French batteries are going to back 'em up."



So I went to the battalion P. C., just taking time out to detour by way of the French battery and tell them I wouldn't be able to have dinner with them. On the way from that battery to the battalion I would have sold my share of the A.E.F. and the World War for a plugged nickel.

My regiment, the 76th Field Artillery, was supporting the Fourth and Seventh Infantries. The Seventh was up in the woods along the Marne. That river made a big horseshoe bend in our sector, and the Seventh had the west side of the bend to garrison. The hills on our side of the valley rolled back from the river to the plateau my battery was on, but across, where the French seemed to think the Germans were, the valley was steep, and the hills went up almost like a cliff. This liaison detail I had been ordered to join consisted of a lieutenant (observer), myself, chief of detail, and four privates for runners. I didn't know any of them. They were kids, and green, all except one bird that was a Pole, and had been fired from a job as the adjutant's dog-robber. I was green myself, or I would have noticed that there wasn't a man in that detail but what the regiment would be better off without him. That's a dam' bad sign in wartime.

It was still daylight when we got up to the Seventh. Their P. C. was in a chateau called Le Rocq. It was a swell place. After a three-mile walk down the dusty road it certainly looked as though a good meal could be had.

"You boys wait here," orders the looney, "while I go in and get my orders."

The minute he was out of sight I turned the detail over to the brightest looking kid and went to *buscar* some chow. The stable was empty and so was the big garage, but under the barn I found a rolling kitchen.

"Chow's all gone," said the lone K. P. "We eat early here. Five o'clock. So's the chow details can git up to their outfits before it's too dark. Cheese, sergeant, I'm tellin' yuh, food will win the war. We got two companies in the front line, and six in reserve to carry chow to the two."

"I ain't a company," said I. "I'm only one man."

"Who's that with you?" asked the K. P.

I turned. There was the Pole.

"What the hell is bitin' you, square-head?" I asked.

"Peter my name," said he. "I know sergeants. Where dey is sergeants, good chow, too."

"I ain't got none," says the K. P. "So help me. We used up our last scrap tonight. We run on what they call a ration, see? That's three meals. This ration ended at supper tonight. The supply train is due in about midnight; they'll bring us two more rations. Give yuh a good breakfast, stirabout an' karo, plenty of it, but I couldn't feed a rat right now."

I went out in the yard of the chateau and swore some more. There was still some daylight left. I had just about time enough to get myself oriented. I'd do that and then see about supper. I was gum, all right.

My job in the Army was to be able to tell the battery commander or whatever officer I was attached to where he was,

at any time day or night; where this road went, where that one went, where all the posts of command were, and what their code names were. Daniel was the Division, Brownsville the 30th Infantry, Home Run our own battalion. Dragon Fly was our regiment, and Havana the Fourth Infantry. I never did know what the code name was for the Seventh. I tried to find out, but either these dumb doughboys didn't know, or wouldn't tell. Spy fever was pretty rampant around there.

They wouldn't even tell a stranger where the latrine was. So my orienting had progressed just to the point where I knew that the farm road east went to a big woods called the Bois d'Aigremont, and that there was a town over the hill called Fossoy, when my lieutenant came out picking his teeth and announced it was now time to go.

"You haven't been fed!" he gasped, when I told him. "What have you been doing all this time, gaping at the scenery? If you haven't got guts enough to rustle some food, you won't last in this Army."



**"We invite you to dinner tonight, which we will have for a celebration"**





**“Report we are under heavy fire!” he yelled as he went by me**

I could have been shot for what I didn't say in reply, but I was cheered to the point of laughter by the look on that Polack's face. Poor Peter. He thought I'd been holding out on him, and sooner or later I was going to dive into a steak and have to give him half of it.

We went down through the woods toward the river. The looey explained to me what was going on. The Seventh Infantry were going to raid Gland at daybreak. Gland was a little town just across the river. They were going to obtain prisoners and destroy installations and raise hell generally. The colonel had applied to our battalion commander for support fire, and had been told we couldn't give it to him, account we couldn't shoot without the brigade commander's permission. So the French were going to back up the raid, and I was going to interpret for the observer they were going to send with us. What the rest of my looey's mission was, he was vague about, but it was none of my business anyway.

It was still light—barely—when we got to our observation post. It was a hole in the ground in an apple orchard just above the Château-Thierry-Dormans road, the so-called “Paris-Metz Road” of the histories. We could see Gland quite plainly, Mont St. Père, and the church steeple in Charteves. The runners were to take turns watching during

the night, two hours apiece, and the looey and I were to sleep. I happened to think I wouldn't be very sleepy, having had nothing to eat since breakfast; then I had the bright thought that as soon as it got dark, I would wander around there and maybe find a French outfit that had some chow. The French always ate swell.

“Here, sergeant,” says the looey suddenly, “there are some French here in the bushes. Go over and find out what they are saying.”

**I** WENT over and hollered. There was quite a lot of low brush right there, that reached way up as far as an aqueduct, but though I yelled two or three times, no one answered. The hell with them.

“I wouldn't yell too much around here,” warned the looey. “We're kind of close. There is a war on, sure enough, and they do shoot people up here. I saw a man last week who had been shot. I don't remember now, seems to me it was an accident. Someone in his squad was cleaning his rifle—anyway, don't yell any more.”

So it got dark, and I sneaked off to look for chow. Sure enough, I heard feet behind. It was Pete, the Pole.

“What the hell do you want?” I demanded of him. “Go back where you be-

long. You're not supposed to leave the dugout.”

“The fellar the lootenant hear,” said Peter, “he was no Frog. He was a Pole.”

“What of it?”

“I think he's a chow detail. If he is, he give me some chow! I give you! Me and him Poles.”

“Peter, you're a smart boy not to tell the lieutenant. Lead into the bushes.”

We went into the bushes a ways, along a narrow path, with Peter calling gently in Polish every few steps. Pretty quick he got an answer. He and his buddy hawked and spit (*Continued on page 44*)



BY HUGH S. JOHNSON

# NO *Evasion* NO *Camouflage*

**F**OR MANY years after the Civil War, the Grand Army of the Republic was the strongest political pressure group the country ever knew. It was a Republican stronghold. It dictated nominations in the States and in the nation. Most of what had been feared from Washington's veterans after the Revolution, the G. A. R. did. The Republic took no particular harm but it helped preserve disunion and to oppress and retard the South for many years.

Washington's influence prevented such a thing after the Revolution. The good sense and patriotism of the founders of The American Legion prevented it after the World War. The Legion has never "gone political" in a national partisan sense. For the Legion's policy of restraint in this regard it deserves the highest honor and credit.

Yet, by its very restraint in this field and its annual jamboree in reunion, it suffers somewhat in popular recognition of its strength and its importance.

**F**OR THE hilarious yearly renewal of old comradeships and adventures we have no apologies. War is rough stuff. "Single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints." Anybody who wants to rely for the defense of this country on an army of psalm-singing eunuchs is courting national disaster. Men of the Legion are yearly approaching nearer to the age of churchwardenly decorum. But once a year they like to remember that it was not always thus and that there is at least a little juice left in the old lemon. Men who cannot understand that are to be pitied. They just never have been soldiers.

What passes unnoticed or is taken for granted is the quiet daily work of the Legion, year in and year out in every part of the country. I have never been to a local Legion reunion yet where the principal object of the meeting was not to dedicate or install some kind of accomplished unselfish work for people who needed it—additions to hospitals or schools, establishment of little funds for

Whether or not the reader agrees with General Johnson, it cannot be denied that his utterances in this article counsel adherence to true American principles. And his proposal to make every Congressman and Senator seeking re-election in 1940 answerable to his constituents for his official acts is democracy at its highest and best

★

handicapped children or reports of aid to unfortunate soldiers or their families.

Apart from this kind of thing, "they also serve who only stand and wait." There the Legion always stands with Posts almost everywhere—mature men accustomed to danger, discipline and leadership and ready in any emergency of fire, flood, storm or disaster to step forward in organized ranks, as they did in the world's greatest disaster two decades ago. That is an intangible but it is of incalculable value. It is a kind of free, silent and effective national and local insurance that may be too easily overlooked.

There is another priceless element in these fluid days when among the very highest in government there seems to be questioning of the worth, the soundness and the future of both the political and economic systems which made this country great.

This is the gravest development of the past few years. Neither the Legion nor anybody else need take much concern from the soap-box ranters bellowing the doctrines of Soviet Russia and inviting our people to overthrow their government by force and let in on us the blessings of Communism. We need worry even less about the heiling posturing nazibundlers who want to deliver us all to Hitler neatly wrapped in swastika-decorated cellophane.

This approach to the destruction of our American system we can see clearly. Being clearly seen it reveals itself as so silly that we need not fear it. All we have to do is to laugh it to death. If it ever carried itself to the point of outbreak anywhere, there would be a Post of the Legion there to help take care of it if help were needed—which is absurd.

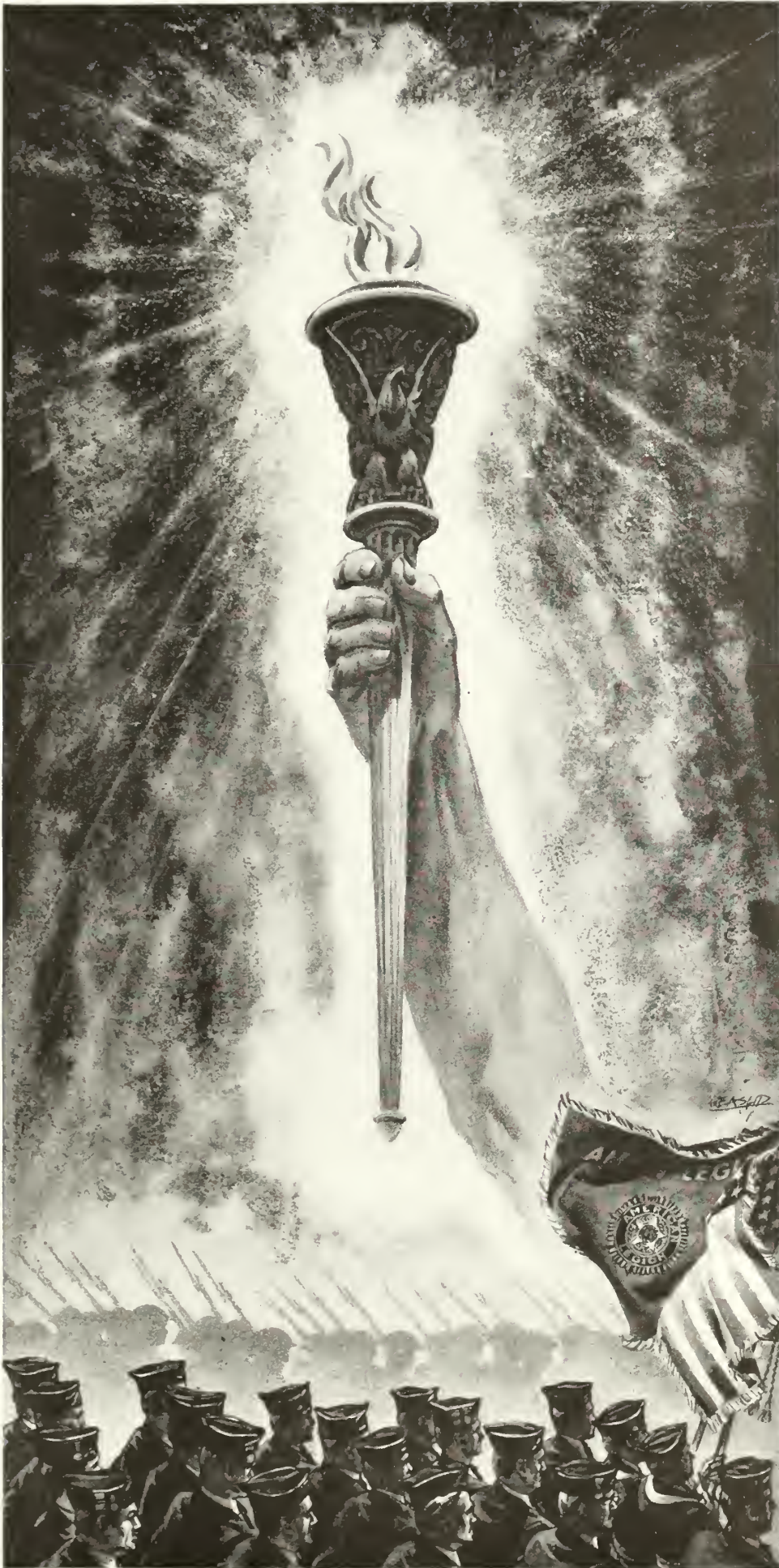
No, these are not of the breed of cats on which the Legion and all other sincere Americans should keep an eye and these are not the sort of preachments that are even worth while debating. We need not consider *the courses of action* proposed by nazis and communists—for they are one and the same thing—not the courses of action but the ideas behind those proposed courses of action.

Those ideas are essentially that government is not the servant of free citizens but that citizens are servants of the state. The former is the idea on which our country was built. The latter is the idea of Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. In order to make their idea work, governmental power must be absolutely centered—not merely in a single all-powerful government, but in a single all-powerful governor.

Democracy, as they contend, is out of date. It is too slow and too uncertain. The people haven't got sense enough to govern themselves. They must entrust that job to experts.

"See," says Hitler in effect if not in words, "we have no unemployment in Germany. You have 12,000,000 jobless. Germans work because I put them to work. German money works because I made it work."

**I**T IS true that there is no unemployment in Germany. But as has been frequently remarked, neither is there any in a penitentiary. The country is externally bankrupt. Its food is rationed out on a bare subsistence basis. Its wages



IN SERVICE—NOW AS ALWAYS

DRAWING BY WILLIAM HEASLIP

in buying power are about half of ours. There is no more liberty of thought, expression or action than there is in a chain gang of convicted felons.

If we want to trade our American system for that we can do so and out-Hitler Hitler in efficiency of a goose-stepping government. We know we can do that because we did out-Kaiser the Kaiser in 1918. Will we ever do it? Not while the veterans of the World War are still alive and able to be about. They saw it in 1918. They know what it means and they won't have any, please.

**N**OW of course, there is no voice in our Government today nor in either principal political party which is urging us to do that—not in so many words. But in what direction have things been going in this country in the past few years?

There can be no question or argument about that whatever. They have been going headlong toward greater and greater centralization of power also not merely in a single central government but in a single central governor.

This vast outpouring of money is taken from the several States by a federal national tax net. It is then redistributed to the States—not as their people say but as the federal Government says—much of it through the device of “lump sum” appropriations is redistributed not as the federal Government says but as a federal governor says. Why, that power alone is the strongest imaginable influence to make Senators, Representatives, Governors of all States and Mayors of all cities responsive to the will of the federal governor.

**T**HEIR political lives depend not merely on patronage, but on getting back for their own cities and States their fair share of the money that was taken out of them. To do that they have to go hat in hand to that federal governor and if he doesn't like what they have been doing he can “purge” them by favoring their opponents or refusing them. This isn't something that might possibly happen to weaken or even destroy our old Constitutional system of local self-government and centralize power on the European model. It is something that has happened.

Take the system of subsidizing by annual gifts of billions both agriculture and the unemployed. Control (Continued on page 37)



*By*

**CHARLES  
P. SUMMERALL**

*GENERAL, Retired*  
UNITED STATES ARMY

# READY *at the* WORD

**T**HE United States is said to be the most insurance-minded nation on earth. Statistics have it that more per thousand of our people hold life insurance policies than any other nation on earth, and that the average American policy is larger than any other. Similarly, as a people we believe in fire insurance, in accident insurance, in casualty coverage of every sort. But, as a people, we stop just short of the real thing.

Life insurance, as is well known, primarily is an altruistic matter as far as the policy-holder is concerned; for the fruition of all the premiums he pays comes only to those who live after him. True, there are many kinds of policies, providing benefits of all sorts to the holder, but basically, life insurance is meant for the benefit of one's survivors. Similarly, fire insurance is intended to reimburse the policy-holder in part in the event his property is damaged or destroyed by fire; accident insurance protects him to the extent of providing him with part of what income he might lose in the event he became physically damaged by some unexpected disaster.



National Commander Chadwick, second from right, reviews the cadet corps at General Summerall's college, The Citadel, Charleston, South Carolina. In the reviewing group Department Commander R. K. Wise may be identified by the white overseas cap

In other ways than in buying policies, this country has shown itself to be in-

surance-minded. Our police systems have become increasingly efficient, our fire

## A HAND PICKED BODY OF PROVED ABILITY INSTANTLY AVAILABLE ON UNCLE SAM'S CALL—THAT'S THE RESERVE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS



The color guard of the Harvard University R.O.T.C. On opposite page, Colonel Harry N. Cootes of the 79th Division inspecting the corps at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia

departments better trained and equipped than ever before; we have built roads with safely banked, gentle curves, and we have eliminated many grade crossings; after a series of disastrous fires aboard ship, we have passed and begun to enforce laws regarding safety at sea; we have attempted to prevent floods in the great river valleys by systems of levees and dams and basins; and in many other ways we have tried to anticipate and prevent loss of life and of property.

An underlying principle of society is that the group is more important than the individual; but we in this country have not progressed to the point where the protection of the people against the

*fact* of disaster has overtaken the protection of individuals against the *results* of disaster. In other words, our preventive insurance, in all its forms, from safe highways to education against disease, still falls short of the highly important matter of income for the *individuals* hurt by untoward events.

Our system of national defense provides a bulwark against the waves of disaster that might strike us if we were entirely unprepared to protect ourselves from brigand nations. Aside from the fact that this country never has had any definite foreign policy, an essential in adequate planning and preparing against the consequences of a definite policy, be

it what it might, we have the framework of an adaptable defense set-up. As all Legionnaires know, we lacked even that until the passage of the Act of June 3, 1916; the Act of June 4, 1920, with its constructive amendments, went further in the right direction. Our naval defense, like our land and air defense scheme, has suffered from the ravages of political maneuver, so that it, too, is woefully inadequate; but the efforts of the present Administration are aimed definitely toward repairing the damage done to all elements of our protection—our defense against the *fact* of disaster. Mark well the fact that there is no way on earth for this country to provide itself with insurance against the *results* of disaster; for no company exists that could issue such a policy.

THE consideration of our lack of adequate defenses is an unhappy one, much like the feeling of a property owner who has let his tornado insurance policy lapse—and who then sees a twister coming. Suffice it to say that it will be marvelous good fortune if we are able to place ourselves in readiness against cataclysm before it strikes. The international horizon is increasingly foreboding in its signs.

To return to the happier thought of what we actually have between us as a people and our potential enemies, I have analyzed our land defenses as a group of insurance policies, considering each element of our set-up as a separate policy yet one inseparable from the others. Our Regular Army, as always, is the first line—the immediately available element—and, if I may mix my metaphors slightly without confusing the reader, it is the insurance policy to which we can turn at once when trouble looms. Right behind it is our National Guard, now become a strikingly efficient force developed successfully from the traditional militia; and we must regard it as scarcely less effective than the Regular Army, as an insurance policy toward which we can turn quickly in case of trouble, as a reinforcement for the Regulars.

Squarely behind the first two lines—the quickly available policies, so to speak—is the great civilian army, to be led by the present and future members of the Officers' Reserve Corps. Since only a tiny fraction of the enlisted personnel are already enrolled as such, we must look to the Regular Army and the National Guard to bear the first onslaught of the enemy, to neutralize his efforts until the military force of the country can be brought into active and effective existence.

As feeders to the reserve officer component of our defenses are two main elements, the Citizens' Military Training Camps and the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, and it is the latter of these that I shall discuss more fully, for it is with an institution having two units of that element that I (Continued on page 42)

Boy

CLARENCE F.  
HOFFERBERT



WHEN my daughter, who is thirteen, came to me the other night with a book which she was reading, and asked me the meaning of a French phrase which appeared in it, I caught myself (after giving her a clumsy translation) drifting into a mood of gentle reminiscence. Pictures flashed into my mind that had been in storage for a goodly flock of years and a recollection came back to me vividly of a time when I went in for the study of French in a very serious way. I really applied myself. But whether it was from love of the language, or something else, I shall leave for you to judge, buddy.

The outfit was billeted in a hillside



# TEN THOUSAND *French* VERBS

village named Fresnes, in the Côte-d'Or Department of La Belle France. The Armistice was two months old and the personnel was growing spotty with restlessness. Landlubbers all, we were yet filled with yearning thoughts of ships and the sea—and Hoboken. G. H. Q., mindful of these yearning thoughts, was fretting and plotting in a strenuous effort to devise plans for keeping the restless

hosts of its mighty A. E. F. out of mischief and grumpiness. A soldier's mischief usually hiked the reparations assessment, and his grumpiness was a political liability; either way, it was a War Department headache.

Our colonel, an old-timer, with the regular army man's traditions and sense of orderliness and discipline, decided to do some devising of his own rather than

wait for orders from a tape-bound G. H. Q. He was a man of action and had little patience with the delay that marked much of army procedure overseas. Monsieur, the colonel, consulted with Monsieur, the Honorable Mayor. His Honor, after a spell of whisker tweaking and brow wrinkling, bagged a thought. "But why not the French class, Monsieur le colonel?"



**"Stop right there, rookie!" said Bleeker. "You've gone far enough"**

"Perfect! Perfect!" exclaimed the colonel, slapping his whipcord breeches with his kid gloves.

The Mayor beamed. He stroked his beard with a slow, caressing cadence.

"My daughter," he continued, "she has the teacher permission; she will instruct the classes."

"This is the very thing the men need," the colonel enthused. "We will start the project at once. I am sure that it will prove of immeasurable cultural value."

Hooky Stern, the colonel's dogrobber, gave us the gossip on this important conference between the bigwigs. Hooky had been held in attendance to give background to the occasion. Just a whim of the Old Man's and no especial tribute

*Illustrations by*  
**WALLACE MORGAN**

to anything very distinguished about Hooky.

"The Mayor's a shrewd old frog," Hooky informed us. "He'll collect rent for the use of the schoolroom in the Mairie, and his daughter will have the privilege of collecting teaching fees."

Sergeant Bleeker, who was one of the group Hooky was passing out the dope to, cooed: "I'll pay that gal a fee without even asking for change back. It'll be worth beaucoup francs to get within touching distance of that baby. She's class—she's—"

"You said it, sarge!" chirped Eddie Dubois. "When I think of her eyes, her lips, her hips—"

"Stop right there, rookie," said Bleeker. "You've gone far enough."

We all sighed. It was an hour before we could get off the subject.

The following night, just as we were about to be served with our supper,

Lieutenant Bush came into the mess barrack and announced that Mademoiselle D'Arlene "was this very night inaugurating a French class for any and all enlisted men who cared to study with her—all men interested, to report in the classroom at the Mairie, promptly at seven o'clock."

Hobnails scraped on the flooring, khakied bottoms hitched about on the benches. All interest in the meal about to be absorbed was lost, temporarily. Talk buzzed from lip to lip like the droning of a box full of bottle flies.

"French lessons from Adrienne!" a Headquarters man near me warbled. "That'll be like syrup over honey bread. Boy, do I go for it!"

"Almost as good as sailing orders," sighed a homesick gumboil across the table from me. Ah's and oh's of approval popped up like shrapnel bursts. I heard a snort of skepticism. "Bet there's a catch in it somewhere," groused a hostler from the Supply Company. "They're just tryin' to suck us into sumpin'."

"Who is?" I asked him.

"The officers," he growled.

"I'm signing up," the Headquarters man stated with positiveness. "The officers ain't fazing me any."

"Nor me either," said the soldier next to him.

"Well—maybe I'll go over, too," the hostler sneered, with a bloating show of condescension—"just to get the low-down on what the big johns got up their sleeve."

Somebody gave him the razzberry salute.

Discussion and argument simmered and sizzled and continued to pop off in little explosions here and there. But on the check-up, everybody was going. This was a piece of luck nobody wanted to miss. Ninety percent of the enlisted personnel had a secret yearning to cuddle Mademoiselle D'Arlene. This yearning had been present from the very first day that we had settled in Fresnes. Mademoiselle D'Arlene was a girl with an air of refinement about her that appealed to us tremendously. She was very pretty, too, and had a voice that could snuggle into you like the purr of a happy kitten. She was the belle of the town and definitely of the upper stratum. Quite beyond the reach of most of us humbler coots. It was like a wish-dream come true, to know that we were to have the opportunity of sitting at her feet and hearing from her plushy lips the soft flow of sweet tone and romantic language which we so ardently knew could emerge from them. And French *is* a romantic language, buddy—the Yanks in the A. E. F. got plenty of romance out of just a few words and sentences!

Seven p. m. L'École is jammed with instruction-craving soldats. The benches are completely inundated with the sprawling bodies of brave and rugged American manhood. An air of eager expectancy fills the place. From an inside

door that gave passage to the living-quarters of the D'Arlene family, Adrienne—the lovely, the très jolie, the sans reproche—is approaching. The rugged assemblage went still as an evening lake—with only the merest babble around the edges where the ripples washed on the pebbly shore. Mademoiselle stepped upon the rostrum. The moment was breathless—not broken by even a single cigarette cough. With her hands clasped together on her breast—and she was very nice there, too, buddy—our fair instructress stood still for a minute, looking us all over.

And we looked her over—beaucoup!

Well-curved, medium height, about 125 pounds of pure oo la la, there she stood looking at us out of her big, brown eyes—but mere color didn't mean a thing, buddy, in eyes that were as pretty as her eyes were—and there we sat, ogling back at her out of *our* brown, and green, and gray, and black and blue eyes. Some of us smiled, some of us hitched about self-consciously, and some of us even blushed; and every gaping Yank present was telling himself that she most certainly was the belle of that petite ville, the sweetest girl in town, whose every little movement had an

enticement that would be deadly—in a boudoir; in a classroom, of course, though the effect was there, the response was necessarily restricted. Not that we expected to make any passes at her. Her refinement was something that forestalled any of *that* sort of thing. It was very potent. There wasn't an inch of her that wasn't cultivated and “propre.” Her refinement was something you could feel yards away. It made us conscious of the dirt under our fingernails, the grime behind our ears, the undershirts we hadn't changed in a couple of weeks. Our hobnails felt like the clodhoppers of a country lout. We wanted to take them off and approach Mademoiselle with the soft pat-pat of wool-stockinged feet. But not many of us had remembered to wash our feet that day.

Mademoiselle Adrienne had been finished in a French finishing school, and the polish on her was a nice job. There may have been mars and scratches in it, but as the observing Dubois remarked, they certainly did not show on the surface. That surface was the pride and

joy of our little fragment of the A. E. F.

Mademoiselle's eyes twinkled with delight as her glances danced over us. I could read her thoughts as I followed her glances, holding avidly to each direction which they took: She never dreamed so many soldats Americains yearned for culture, never dreamed that all these “braves boys” craved to know better the expressive speech of the French—(there were *other things* she never dreamed, either, buddy). More than 200 of us had managed to squeeze our assorted bulks into the schoolroom. To Mademoiselle it must have seemed like the whole American army. Her eyes were shining just as bright as though they were seeing the entire A. E. F. out there in front of them. It sure warmed our hearts to see how tickled she was.

When we were properly incandescent, Mademoiselle D'Arlene opened her mouth. Words came out—French words, smoothed and rounded to melodic richness by her little red tongue. “Ah, my lovely Americans—” That was the way she greeted us. Boy! French is a wonderful language! “My lovely Americans—” Some of the soldiers started to encore her right away; but she put her hand out for silence. It floated up before us like a Fontainebleau swan. “—the grace of a queen,” I heard Sergeant Bleeker murmur softly.

Mademoiselle Adrienne then delivered a short address in which she outlined her plans for the course. We listened, full of eager interest, giving her every word our closest attention. That was the most wonderful class any schoolteacher ever talked to, buddy. Were we anxious to learn—oh boy!

As soon as she concluded her talk, Mademoiselle Adrienne got right down to business. She had the practical and efficient sense of the true Frenchwoman, despite her abundant charm and femininity. Rapidly and expertly she began to examine our throats and noses to gauge our potentiality for acquiring the language, and study us—so Dubois explained later—for psychological reactions. I don't know what she found in that line, buddy, but she could have found *other* reactions in good plenty, had she looked for them. Maybe she did—you can never tell about women.

Mademoiselle's father, the Mayor, came in and started to help her with the work. Bleeker, Dubois and I managed to edge ourselves through the press, close to Mademoiselle Adrienne and far enough away from her estimable



Sometimes our fingers entwined  
and we tingled with secret pleasure



father that he would have no chance to grab us and do the work on us that we wanted Mademoiselle herself to do. Besides, we didn't like his beard—it smelled of tabac and onion soup.

The examination was great stuff. It brought us into intimate contact with Mademoiselle Adrienne—very intimate contact. She touched us. She put her hands on us. She felt of our tonsils. She

thoroughly. It was an extremely complicated business, as you will shortly discover, buddy.

It took about a half hour before my turn came to be examined. When I presented myself, Adrienne had me stick my tongue out at her. I did not like to do this, but I felt that it was my duty, under the circumstances. Mademoiselle studied it very soberly, had me flatten it out, hump it up, and then let it hang limp while she pressed her thumb up under my chin, just above my Adam's apple. That's when I drooled. I guess I blushed; I know that a lot of heat rushed into

was giving me a cramp in my jaws. I tried my manly best to keep a soldierly bearing, but I fear that I gave in to a minute or two of let-down.

After this, Mademoiselle held my nose shut and made me say "bong," until I got exactly the right inflation to my beezee. I fell down a little on this part of the test. Adrienne held me daintily at the tip of my nose, with her fingers slightly inside my nostrils, and I was plenty worried about whether I had really blown my nose carefully enough before coming to class. After I had said "bong" for Mademoiselle a few times,

I could feel the soft vibration of it along the flanges of my proboscis, like the soft tone of a gong. "Really," I thought to myself solemnly, "this language study is going to be something."

Sergeant Bleeker came next, when Mademoiselle D'Arlene had finished with me. I stood by to see how he would make out. At the part where Mademoiselle held his nose—every time he said "bong" his snozzle swelled out until I thought I was looking at a fat bullfrog breathing heavily in a Junetime amatory seizure. Adrienne seemed quite concerned at the way Bleeker's nose conducted itself. She pinched it lightly several times, pressing it together as if she were trying to remodel it, work it over, as you would a bit of putty sculpture. Adrienne finally shook her head and passed Bleeker along, taking the buddy next in line, a skinny driver from the Supply Company, whose nose

turned up like an old shoe. This jack couldn't say "bong" at all—had to sneeze every time he attempted it. Adrienne had to giggle so over his efforts, that she was unable, for several seconds, to continue with her nasal exams. I began to tune up for a good laugh, myself; but Adrienne caught me on the pick-up and gave me a stern, reproving glance which quite mollified me. I had to wait until on the walk back to my billet before I could unlimber my suppressed ha-ha's. I was joined by Bleeker and Dubois, who accompanied me, and between us we vented quite a salvo of unrestrained mirth. A number of angry "pipe-downs" assailed us as we moved leisurely to our point of retirement.

We were unable, that first night, to get in any actual study. The allotted time was used up entirely on examinations and payment of our fee for the course. We paid for ten lessons in advance, at the rate of fifteen centimes per lesson, which assayed about one good dime in real, full-karat U. S. A. money. This was probably the most economical buy that I ever made in all of France; a real bargain, with beau- (Continued on page 37)




She held our noses in her genteel hand as she examined our tonsils

even held our noses in her genteel hand.

French is a nose and throat language—overseas vets found that out very quickly—you really should be examined by an ear-eye-and-nose specialist before trying to acquire the tongue, because sometimes it even gets into your eyes if your nose is not in prime condition. A soldier—or anyone else, for that matter—with weak eyes and sinus trouble should never study French, for it will cause his eyes to water excessively and all his lesson books will become blotted. However, I saw at once that Mademoiselle Adrienne was as good as any specialist at the work of examining us. Dubois remarked that she certainly was a wonderfully smart girl to understand it all so

my face. Next, Mademoiselle put an old Edison wax cylinder phonograph-record into my mouth and had me say "eur" through it, while she looked in to see how my palate responded to the innovation, and then listened with her pretty, pink ear less than two inches from the cylinder opening, to hear how musical my effort was. If it hadn't been for that dratted cylinder in my mouth, I'd have bit her pearly ear, just for the hell of it, buddy. Not a hard bite, of course—just a coy nibble to see if she was ticklish. I've heard that when a girl's ears are ticklish, she is very responsive in other ways.

I almost choked over this part of the performance; and that blamed cylinder



# BETTER *than* BULLION

*By Albert Thurston Rich*

I BELIEVE that everyone who has lived in the Philippine Islands will agree with me that, when honesty in business is considered, the Chinese merchant located in the small barrios—towns—is in a class by himself. He will beat you if he can but when he gives his word, you can accept it without hesitation, for it is as good as a bond. This article is not written to tell about the Chinese except insofar as my relations with one certain Chinese merchant are concerned.

Early in 1900, the company of a Volunteer infantry regiment, in which I was serving as a sergeant, was ordered to occupy the town of Jaro on the island of Leyte. We were the first American troops to occupy this town and naturally all of the natives left their homes for what they considered a safer abode in the mountains. The only persons remaining in the town were the Chinese merchants and the Spanish mayor, or jefe locale.

Through the cooperation received from the agent of Smith, Bell & Co., one of the leading hemp concerns in the Philippines, the detachment was quartered in some of the old, broken-down shacks on the outskirts of the town. These quarters were afterwards abandoned for more satisfactory housing facilities afforded by the vacant convent near the center of the town.

One of the natural characteristics of the enlisted man is to investigate, without any unnecessary delay, everything within the limits of his new station. Irrespective of the possibility of encountering hostile insurgents known to be lurking in the brush on the outskirts of the town, the men left the quarters in groups of three or more for this all-important part of their military duties.

That evening the investigators straggled in and all displayed a varied assortment of silk socks of all colors of the rainbow. When questioned as to where they had gotten them, they all replied that the Chinaman on the corner of the main street sold them. It was a known fact that the men had not been paid for over two months and that the financial status of them all could be reckoned in cents rather than in dollars and also that all but a few of the "Three for One" (three dollars paid on pay-day for one dollar borrowed) Shylocks didn't have more than two-bits in their pockets.

The following morning I suggested to Corporal Red Harrington that we two take a "look-see" at the Chinaman's place with the hope that there had been an actual financial transaction between the Chinaman and the purchasers of the brilliantly-colored silk socks.

Those who have lived in the Islands are familiar with the custom of the natives



*Illustration by*  
FRANK STREET

**"We had to fight our way back,  
but got all thirty-five up the  
hill in safety"**

Chinaman of about thirty years of age came into the store from the back room. His face was distorted enough to be taken for that of China's most feared war-god idol. His every movement indicated anger and he did not hesitate to show it when he saw us.

"What do you American soldiers want?" he demanded in no friendly tone.

"Nothing. We are interested to find out how the men in the detachment were able to get such a splendid bargain in silk socks without any money, or at least not sufficient to buy what they did," I replied in as friendly a tone as I could.

"They bought them from that fool clerk of mine and paid him in what he thought was gold," he shouted with a rising inflection of his voice until he actually shrieked the last word. "The fool thought he was getting gold when in reality he was getting nothing but a lot of bright new copper American pennies. He had never seen any American pennies before and thought he was doing a big business.

of dressing up for ceremonies by wearing a pair of white trousers, on the outside of which flap the tails of a white shirt, and to sport the brightest pair of socks, silk if obtainable, into which the bottom of their trouser legs are carefully tucked. Now the enlisted man wore the "Government Issue" for the reason that the old-fashioned canvas leggings were then an article of uniform and the brilliant display of silk socks would be covered. It was a puzzle to both Red and myself but we soon found out the whys and the wherefores of it all.

As we entered the Chinaman's store, we heard harsh words and loud sobs coming from the little living room in the back of the store. Our entrance was not heard and we were obliged to rap on the counter before anyone appeared. Soon a

I did not get back until late last night and found out what a business fool he had been. He is no good and is leaving for Tacloban today."

"How many did he sell the soldiers?" I asked him.

"Thirty pairs of my best silk socks that I could have sold to the Filipinos for fifty centavos a pair," he cried, almost in tears with anger.

Red and I figured up the cost and found that it was about seven dollars and fifty cents. The men had paid thirty cents already, which left seven dollars and twenty cents due. We paid it, for we knew we could collect from the men and at the same time gain the friendship of the Chinaman.

After we had paid him in full we had about fifty cents left in our pockets. Peace plans were thus effected.

The Chinaman was delighted and invited us to select a pair of any color we desired—without payment. Red agreed with me that we wouldn't be found at a dog fight with any of them.

The seven dollars and twenty cents we paid the Chinaman, whose name he informed us was Won Toy, gained for us as warm a friend as either Red or I ever had.

Won Toy told us that he had been born in Hong Kong and that he had been educated in a school where English was studied. He spoke perfect English and was in every way as polished a gentleman as could be found anywhere. I enjoyed many pleasant hours in his company during the months I was stationed in Jaro. He would tip me off to insurrecto secrets and was the medium through which advance notice was received relative to attacks by *(Continued on page 10)*

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## THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME IN FOOTBALL, RIGHT UP TO THE NEW YEAR'S BOWLS

**I**F YOU can pick the biggest drop in a rainstorm, the prettiest girl at a national convention or the brightest bulb in one of those two-acre signs along Broadway, step this way, brother!

The biggest, most colorful and least predictable sweepstakes on this or any affiliated planet—the American college football season—is with us again, and there's a plenitude of persons who for devious reasons would like an approximate idea of who the sundry front runners will be upon whose beetled brows the All-America diadems will be resting in December and, when the thin, translucent (how're yuh, Mr. Tunney?) sunshine of next New Year's afternoon is bathing such notable localities as Pasadena, New Orleans, Dallas, Miami, and way stations, just who will stand against whom as the referee lifts his hand and the yellow leather goes looping in the various Bowl engagements.

But don't come infected with the illusion that you're signing for any cinch. Be you the seventh son of a seventh son, or even a goose-bone swami with a lengthy reputation, here's one that will positively send you back for more aspirin. Better men than you have tried it. Nobody ever makes it.



Kruger of Southern California catching the pass in the last minute of play for the touchdown which beat Duke in the Rose Bowl game last New Year's day. At right, above, an aerial view of this oldest of the Bowl fixtures, at Pasadena, California



These are no longer the perhaps not-so-Gay Nineties when a pair of quilted pants, a Paderewski haircut and an eighth of a ton of lard molded upon a bench-legged, underslung frame was the charade for "football player." This is no longer an age of merely pondering the potentialities of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, with an occasional Pennsylvania, Cornell, or Columbia thrown in, and coming up with a sufficiently inclusive "football review."

In these years of grace (and long may they wave!) approximately six hundred intercollegiate football teams, running the gamut, more or less in fractions, from little Jimson weed institutions where the paint is scarcely dry to lordly academic castles with ivy shawls a foot thick, take to the wars simultaneously in perhaps a hundred different classifications called, in most instances, "conferences."

And when the alarums have ended, the reverberant cheers have rolled on, the various Bowl committees are feverishly, if secretly, wiring their feelers, when the announcers have hooded their mikes and the sports page literati have retired to their huddles over the mythical magnificence of the misnomer "All-America," no more than a half dozen of these will be able to stand and be counted with those whose colors never once dragged the dust, and who failed upon no occasion to drag the other fellow's in the dust.

If you can pick 'em, come on over!

Maybe the fact that nobody can adds a powerful fascination to all the thrilling rest of it. And when you go into the why's of the



**Hall of Texas Christian gets a shovel pass from Davey O'Brien in the Sugar Bowl game at New Orleans in which Carnegie Tech was defeated**

why nobody can, you open a volume that starts with a few practical chapters and then sails off into such intangible, immeasurable, unbounded and unboundable factors that all unity is lost. A big part of football is the human equation. That's precisely where the prophet is thrown for a loss. Nobody can measure the horsepower of the will-to-win. None can say to what heights the embattled warrior can fight when nerve and sinew are all but done, but heart still drives him relentlessly.

Didn't little Ohio University defeat big Illinois last year?

Didn't Bo McMillin once beat haughty Harvard as a little Centre Collegian by running the wrong way—but running as if all demonology were hot at his heels?

It was the inimitable Bob Zuppke, who at one time or another has said almost

everything witty or wise that could be spoken of football, who once in the hotel room aftermath of a coaches' convention fathered the dictum that "football and fishing are two sports you can't put in the bag."

The young men *are* trying. There's never been a proved case of a fixed football game. And when young men try, miracles aren't far. College football is built, in large part, of that attribute, and of others that no man can measure but that all can, and should, salute.

They're such things as sacrificing for an ideal, a smooth coordination of skill

and strength, a willingness to take orders, the ability to accept responsibility and to exert leadership, the major matter of belief in self, belief in one's leaders, the physical and spiritual power to dig in and fight hardest when things look blackest, to play a hard game the fair way, to accept victory modestly and defeat gallantly, remembering always that the other fellow has his rights as well, and that without cooperative teamwork and without cooperating with the team work, the individual is helpless, futile and doomed to fail.

If that has a familiar look, you're only seeing it for what it is—a carbon copy of democracy, a vignette of life as it is lived the American way. Certainly, football is distinctive with these United States. Perhaps, just perhaps, it's one of that nation's major safeguards as well. Surely its lessons have particular point in these times.

But, leaving all that where it is, there are powerful practical factors that make modern football almost impossible to prognosticate.

First of all in these times there are simply, and in all sections, too many good teams, too evenly matched. The sport is standardized nationally—this, since the World War, and probably, like boxing, due largely to its wide use in the cantonments, both here and overseas, as a means of relaxation, entertainment and physical training.

The coaching is universally first class. No section now, as the East did until some 25 years ago, has a monopoly on first-class coaching. In fact, some of the greatest authorities upon certain vital refinements of the great autumnal pastime are now to be found at addresses which, not so long ago, thought a coach was a part of a train and that the center was the immovable middle of something.

No section any longer bottles up the best of the (Continued on page 59)



**Favan of Oklahoma spills Cafego of Tennessee in the Orange Bowl battle at Miami which Tennessee won**

# Bring Yourself BACK ALIVE

By

BURTON  
W. MARSH

DIRECTOR

*Safety Department*

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

THE lights change.  
"Squee — ee — crash!"  
The well-known sound of one car hitting another, with fenders crumpling, steel twisting, and glass flying all over the pavement. And the occupants of those cars — well, *perhaps* scratched a little, but likely badly injured — or worse.

What's the trouble?

"My brakes weren't working." The driver who ran by the red light and crashed the other car is honest enough to admit it. His brakes weren't working. He knew that in advance. But he risked destruction of life and property in traffic on a busy city street.

And now we're out in the wide-open country. A straight, paved highway, with wide shoulders and unobstructed view. Up ahead a car swings around to pass a truck, the driver seeming to pay no attention to another car coming to meet it head on. Time's too short for the first car to get around that truck and get squared away in the lane again. There's a bad mix-up—with the usual results.

Right out on the open highway. On a straight road. What could have caused it?

If the driver who caused the crash is lucky enough to be able to talk any more, he may divulge why his eyes couldn't gauge the distance down that highway. Couple of highballs, that's all. That's enough. He was just pie-eyed enough to become a menace to himself and others.

Then there's that culvert over the creek, boxed up at the ends with straight sides, presenting menacing obstacles just a couple of feet away from the right wheels. It was built away back in the



Hurry! Hurry! was the speed demon's shout  
The driver if living is remorseful, no doubt



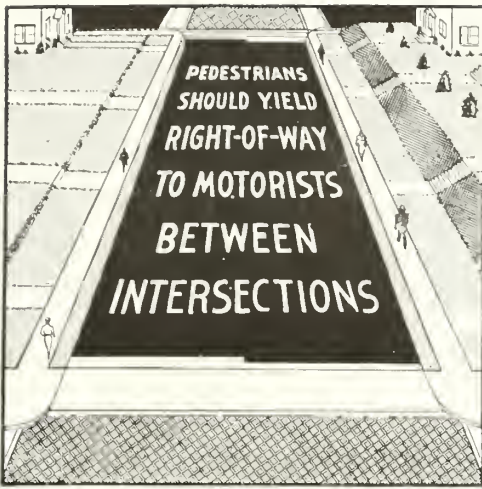
Members of the schoolboy safety patrol sponsored by the Legion Post at Richford, Vt., draw their ponchos for rainy day duty

cave-man era of highway construction, say in 1916, which is ancient history in the swift progress of road building. The Highway Department has planned to do something about it—if highway taxes are

not diverted. Next year, maybe, they'll straighten out that bridge and widen it. That death trap has cost plenty lives. But there she stands—

And we get there in time to see a

*The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine*



wrecker pulling a 1936 sedan—now a pile of junk—off the concrete and steel of that culvert. The ambulances have gathered up the occupants.

Not a pretty picture. Just a segment in the awful toll of accidents

**Ordinances against jaywalking are too seldom enforced**

and death by motor cars every year. Smashed cars! Maimed bodies! Death!

**WHO'S** to blame? What's to be done about it? Can the shocking toll be lightened? Or has this thing got us licked?

Nobody needs a lot of statistics to bring him to a realization of what's happening. Whether he lives in city, town or country, within touch of a highway carrying anything like modern traffic, he

**Pedestrians have equal rights in absence of traffic controls**

knows the accident situation is plenty bad. But just take a look at these figures:

The World War, in the eighteen months that the A. E. F. was in France, cost America 50,510 lives. In the eighteen months ending with the close of 1935, auto crashes killed 56,000 people in the United States. Fatalities worse than in war. And how about the injured?

War Department records show the total number of soldiers in the A. E. F. wounded (not mortally) was 182,784. In the eighteen

**The "Go" is for walkers, too. Watch your turns at corners**

months ending with 1935, some 1,600,000 persons were injured in auto accidents, and many of these injuries were "total and permanent." Nearly nine times as many injured as were wounded in the A. E. F. in comparable time—and steadily, relentlessly, the number has been increasing.

That ought to cause one to realize we're in another war. A war to reduce the death toll and injury list from motor cars. It can be done and it's got to be done.

**Your driveway is yours, but a sidewalk is public property**

Why these crashes? What caused those three accidents we have just noted? Three different circumstances, each illustrating a general group of causes:

First, failure of the car itself. Defective machinery. The man's brakes were worn and wouldn't hold.

Second, failure of the driver. Defective vision. Caused in this instance by a few drinks. Might have been caused by permanently defective eyesight. Scores of other human factors, temporary or permanent conditions of this human machine of ours, enter into this group of motor accidents.

Third, defective highway conditions. A culvert head close to the pavement edge. A menace and a disgrace on any modern highway.

Can anything be done about it? In each instance the answer is most certainly "Yes!"

*The car.* Defective machinery. What excuse can be given for that?

"I can't afford to have my brakes repaired." All right, you can't afford to drive.

"I've been too busy to see about the condition of the car." You'll have plenty of time on your hands—in the hospital.

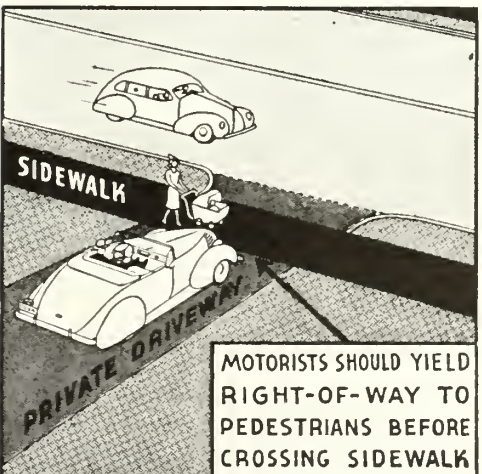
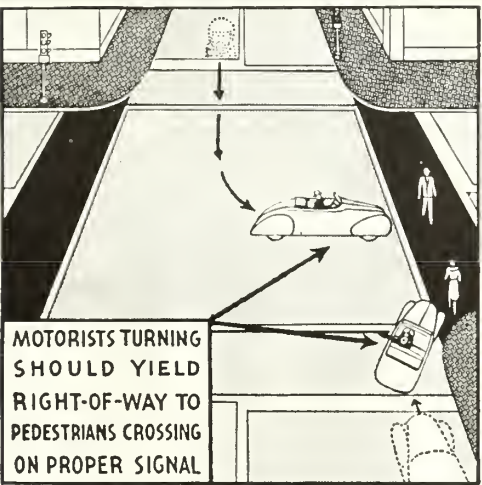
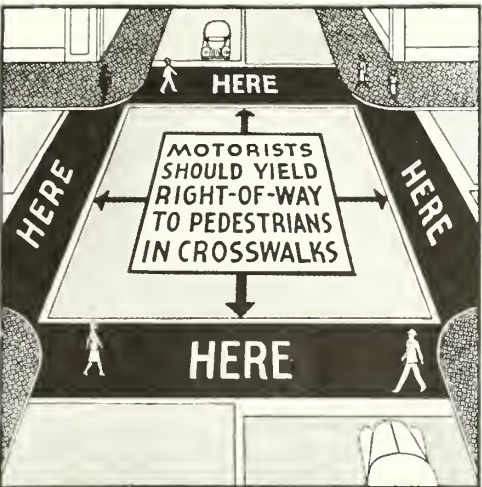
We're apt to think that bad brakes, one-eyed cars, headlights which do not throw light far enough ahead, tipsy cars which wander because of faulty steering adjustments, and other bad vehicle conditions have very little to do with our record of crashes. The records mislead us—indicating only some five to ten percent of crashes in which the vehicle was in bad condition. But let's not forget how those records are obtained. Would you expect the average driver making his report to admit that he just didn't have any brakes, or that his steering wheel had about five times too much play in it? Police making reports don't usually have apparatus with them for testing brakes. They can't even check up on the safety equipment in some cases—there isn't enough left to check on.

One out of every four brakes tested in compulsory official tests won't comply even with easy standards of safety. Lights test up far worse, and there are lots of bad steering mechanisms, tires worn to the fabric, and windshield wipers that won't work.

And how about that menace to night driving—the car without a tail-light? You're about to meet a car, and you're coming up fast. In the glare you can't see the dark form of a car ahead. You may be lucky enough not to smack the tail-lightless driver off the road, along with smashing up your own car—and you may not.

In the days when cars puffed along at twenty miles an hour, a car might avoid an accident as long as its rattle-trap parts held together. Much higher speed is the order today. Speed and defective machinery won't mix. It's probably a reasonable estimate that faulty vehicle conditions are an important factor in at least one crash out of five.

Practical laws are needed at once to provide for public employes in well-equipped stations to make regular inspections of cars to keep them adequate for safe driving (*Continued on page 50*)



Boy

## JACK FRANKLYN

Illustration  
by  
V. E. PYLES

IT HAPPENED during my hitch in Uncle Sam's Navy. In 1920 I was acting coxswain of a ship's boat and was detailed to take a liberty party ashore at San Diego. I was alongside the ship and my boat was loaded with gobs ready to paint San Diego a bright red.

The Officer of the Deck spoke. "Ready, Franklyn?"

"Yes, sir," I returned.

"Make the regular trip to the dock and return to the ship. Shove off."

"Aye, aye, sir." I returned to my boat crew with, "All right, men; cast off."

I headed the boat across the bay and into the landing at Municipal Pier and



# SEE

# You in JAIL

duly discharged my load of laughing, joking sailors. We securely tied the boat to the landing and decided to enter the café on the pier for a shot of coffee and doughnuts. While having our coffee and dough holes,

we three heard the sound of an airplane motor almost overhead and seemingly flying very low. My engineer, Thompson, also heard it and remarked, "Hey! . . . Listen to that plane motor."

Lewis, the bow man, ran out of the café and yelled, "Look, he's dropping lower."

I ran to the door and said, "He's going to crash in the Bay. Come on, men. Let's go."

The three of us ran to our boat as fast

as possible, hopped aboard, cast off and made for the spot where we figured the plane would hit.

The pilot worked diligently to pull the nose of his falling ship up, but he didn't have a Chinaman's chance. He was too low. The doom of the ship was inevitable—maybe with the pilot. Suddenly the plane went into a dive. It hit the water full force in the center of the Bay. Our boat sped as fast as a motor-sailor could travel. We were now less than one hundred yards from where the plane had hit. My eyes were glued upon the plane wreck on top of the water. Lewis, the bow man, stated that a flock of boats were heading for the scene from all angles.

"They'll never make it in time—it's up to us," I answered as we drew closer to the wreck.

"Throttle down, Thompson," I ordered, as the boat eased alongside. "Lewis, you hold the boat broadside."

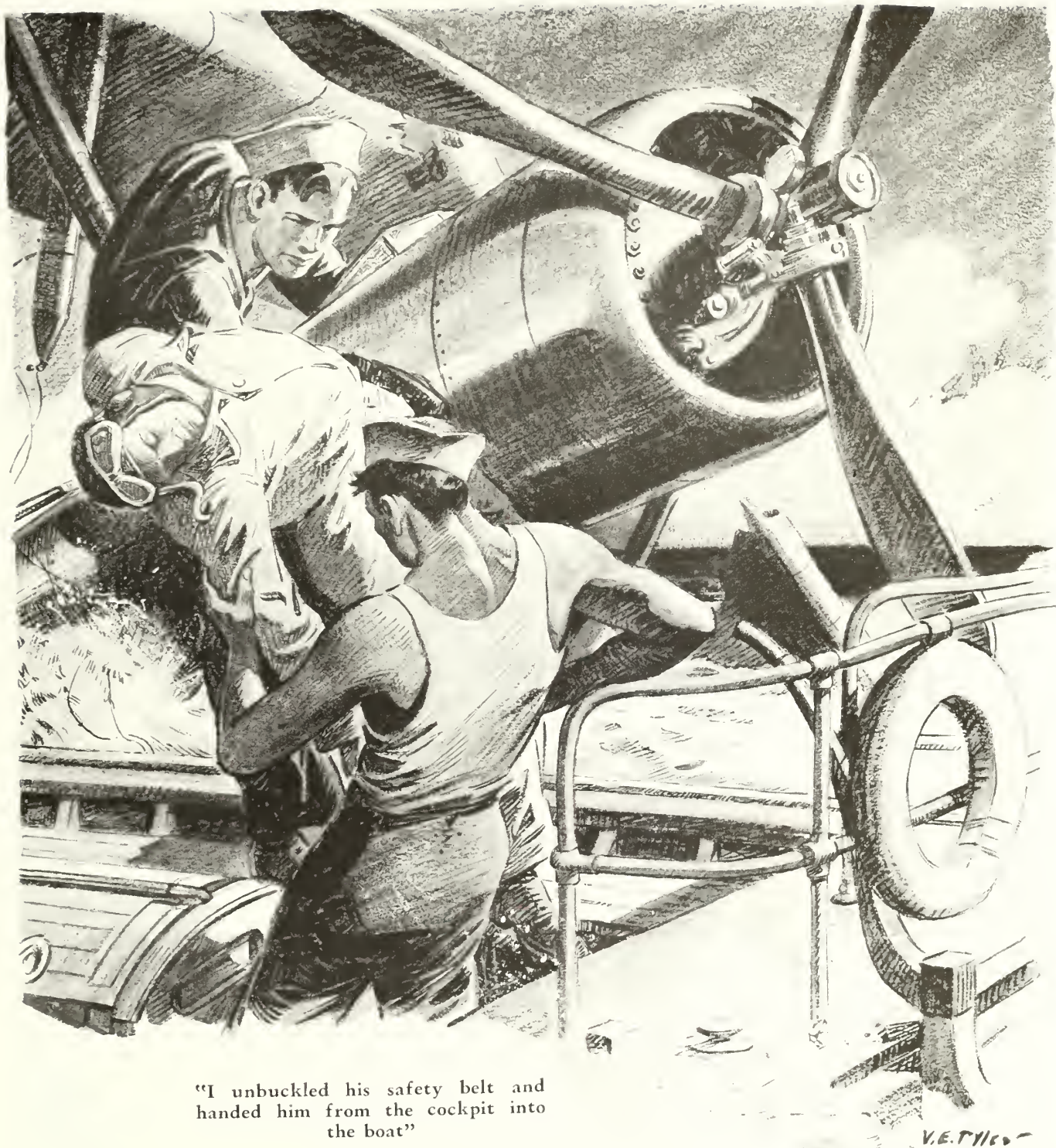
The broken plane was settling fast. The pilot could plainly be seen slumped forward in his cockpit. He was unconscious from the impact. I went over the gunwale and unbuckled his safety belt, then handed him from the cockpit into the boat and laid him on a thwart. We pulled away from the wrecked plane just as it sank from sight, but not before we tied a rope and a buoy to it as a marker of its position on the bottom.

The officer-pilot was resting easy in the boat.

"Well, I guess he'll be all right now," remarked Lewis.

"Sure, after they pump a little of that water out of him and let him rest up a





"I unbuckled his safety belt and handed him from the cockpit into the boat"

V.E. THOMPSON

bit, he'll be as good as new," I answered.

Thompson remarked that we had better get back to the ship, or we'd be resting in the brig.

"Holy smoke, we've been gone an hour and a half," I said.

"I'm afraid we're in for it," replied Lewis.

"What do you mean WE? I'm the one who'll be taking the rap. I'm supposed to be commanding this scow."

"Should we have let the guy drown?" put in Thompson.

"He would have gone down before anyone else could have gotten there," piped Lewis.

"According to Navy regulations, he

was supposed to drown because no one was at the exact spot where he fell. I disobeyed orders to get to him in time. Don't bother to cheer me up—you know as well as I do that orders are orders. Let's go back and face the music."

A speedboat from North Island Naval Station came alongside, we transferred the unconscious officer to the faster boat, and I ordered the coxswain to proceed to the island and put the pilot in the waiting ambulance on the dock which would take him to the hospital.

Twenty minutes later I pulled up to the gangway of my ship, the U. S. S. *Buffalo*.

"I'm afraid you were right about

orders, Franklyn; I see the Officer of the Deck waiting for us," Lewis reminded me.

"Yeah, like a cat sitting in front of a one-way mouse hole. See you in jail, boys; here goes the mouse."

I ascended the gangway. "Coxswain Franklyn reporting, sir."

"So I see. You took rather a long time to return from the dock."

"I was necessarily delayed, sir."

"Necessarily?" dryly.

"It was a matter of a man's life, sir."

"We saw the whole affair through the glasses. You are (Continued on page 42)

# THE MUD YOU CAN'T FORGET

Foot-Loose at the Front

By Wallgren



★ E D I T O R I A L ★

## AMERICA FIRST

SOLDIERS of the great powers are again killing one another in Europe. As these lines are written in early September German infantry and motorized forces have pushed deep into Polish territory, and German airmen have dropped bombs on Warsaw and other Polish cities. Great Britain, fulfilling her treaty obligations to Poland, declared war on Germany, whereupon, apparently without warning, the British passenger liner *Athenia* was sunk. The French entered the war on the side of Britain and Poland, while the Italians and Russians, despite expressed sympathy for German aims, are neutral, at least for the present. The British navy is in process of blockading German ports, and the French have launched attacks on the German western front. At the moment no nation outside Europe except the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations has taken up the sword, but unless all signs fail the Continent's newest conflict will become the Second World War—a long, bloody, exhausting struggle which nobody will really win.

It is 1914 all over again.

What is the duty of the United States of America in this crisis?

First and above all else, to make certain that no action of this Government will take American boys into European trenches. More than fifty thousand of our comrades lost their lives in European battles during 1917 and 1918 in an effort on the part of the American people to help "make the world safe for democracy," unsafe for tyranny anywhere.

Those fifty thousand slain and the host who have died since 1918 as a result of war service, with the thousands of our fellows whose physical and mental sufferings due to the war will remain with them till death, cry with one voice to our responsible officials that *it must not happen again*, that this nation can and shall keep out of the shambles across the seas.

AMERICAN foreign policy has always been squarely grounded on the principle enunciated by Washington in his immortal Farewell Address, when he said that "our detached and distant situation invites us" to keep aloof from Europe's "frequent controversies." "Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation?" asked the Father of His Country. "Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor or caprice?"

True words for this day, as they were when given to the American people on September 17, 1796, nine years to the day from the adoption of the Constitution.

National Commander Chadwick spoke for an overwhelming majority of American World War veterans when he said, as the new war began:

The American Legion for the entire period of its existence has counseled the nation to a policy of neutrality to the end that we may not again become involved in another holocaust seemingly as futile for the ultimate peace of the European and Asiatic continents as was our participation in the World War.

Our Government's national policy is one of neutrality. It has been and is The American Legion's policy. . . .

Current events must not be suffered to overcome our reasoned conclusions arrived at in less soul-disturbing times.

Continuing our hopes and our prayers for a means of remaining at peace, informing our public officials that such is our greatest desire, let us avoid, and counsel all citizens to avoid, the thought, act or deed which might threaten or disturb the peace of the Americas. To a generation that knows war from its participation in it, this today is the greatest and most solemn mission of The American Legion.

THE best service the United States Government can render to its people and to the world is to keep free of this war, holding our fully-prepared armed forces in readiness for instantaneous action and keeping our industrial set-up elastic for any eventuality; demanding and by our might sustaining the rights in international law which belong to a neutral, ever putting forward our good offices for a stoppage of hostilities whenever such an offer seems likely to succeed.

We have been called names in the past, when our policy ran counter to that of other nations, and no doubt all the old epithets and many new ones will be used against us in the next several months. But we're not going to sacrifice American lives on foreign battlefields unless and until we Americans ourselves decide that there is no other way for us to maintain the safety of our self-respecting nation of self-governing people. We have enough to do right now preserving the democratic way of life in this hemisphere. If we went to war the social progress of a generation in this country would be sacrificed, and our economic system would be subjected to such a strain as even this nation, with all its resources, might not weather.

All the study of the history of the past advises us our duty must be to America First.

# The LAST 8



Daniel Waldo, who died in 1864 at the age of 101

last survivors of the Revolution, and getting their stories at first hand. Moreover, he secured photographs of six of them. This feat represented almost an anachronism because the first cameras were not in general use until half a century after Washington's first inauguration. The process of photo-engraving had not yet been invented, wherefore all the pictures in the Hillard book—privately printed—are direct photographic prints.

Mr. Hillard began his task in February, 1864, at which time he was advised by the Commissioner of Pensions at Washington that the pension rolls showed twelve survivors of the Revolution. John Gray's name was not on that list. The book was completed and copyrighted the same year, yet before the author or his photographer could visit them, five of the veterans had died. Hillard visited six of seven on the pension list, but though he tried hard he was unable to get contact with James Barham, who collected his

**W**HEN will the last veteran of America's World War armed forces answer final roll-call?

Disregarding actuarial tables for the rarity of extreme longevity, as represented by the last survivors of the War of the Revolution, the time for final taps is indicated as sometime in the first decade after the year 2000.

It was lacking only seven years of a full century after Lexington and Bunker Hill—and three full years after Appomattox—on March 29, 1868, that John Gray, last surviving veteran of the Revolutionary War, died at Hiramburg, Ohio, at the age of 104.

Yet in point of years Gray was not the oldest veteran among the last group of survivors of the Revolution revealed by records of the Pension Office. That distinction rests with the name of Samuel Downing, who went to eternal rest in Edinburgh, New York, in February, 1867, in his 106th year.

Based on these precedents, Legionnaires who enlisted in their mid or late 'teens all have a chance that Fate will grant them the honor of being last of their breed. With due allowance for the added years science has given to us all, not until the twenty-first century is well out of diapers should Taps be sounded above the clay of the last of our nearly five million World War veterans.

Today there are some 4,000 veterans of the Civil War still living. It is a mark of the youth of our nation that two human lives from one span to the other



William Hutchings, who was 102 when he died in 1866

embrace the entire career of the United States of America from its first ferment to the present.

For the detailed if fragmentary stories of the last few survivors of the Revolution we are indebted to two authors, both long since dead. Sponsor and eulogist of John Gray was "Private" (James M.) Dalzell of Caldwell, Ohio, an early leader in Civil War veterans' activities. The other was Reverend E. B. Hillard, a New England clergyman. While the passions of the Civil War yet burned fiercely—Gettysburg was seven months in history—Mr. Hillard set himself to finding the



Adam Link, who died in 1864 at the age of 102



**Samuel Downing, longest lived, was nearly 106 years old when he died in 1867**

pension of \$12.33 a year at St. Louis, Missouri. So Mr. Hillard was unable to obtain a picture of Barham and all the data he was able to get about this veteran was that he was born in Southampton County, Virginia, on May 18, 1764. Through the Veterans Administration I learn that Barham died on January 8, 1865, so that when he finished his course he was in his 101st year.

The official last survivor, John Gray, was voted a special pension of \$500 a year by Congress in 1867. He enjoyed that needed stipend only one year.

Dalzell, who was instrumental in securing John Gray's pension, relates that he had known the centenarian since 1847. But not until Dalzell had served through the Civil War in the Union Army did he press Gray's claims to Revolutionary veteran's distinction. A skilful publicist, the Civil War lecturer appears a little too eager to tie a bond between the first



**Lemuel Cook, in service for his country from 1775 to 1784, died in 1864, aged 105**

*By*

## SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

soldier of the Revolution, George Washington, and the last soldier, represented by John Gray. This is within oratorical license perhaps but in two thumbnail sketches of his subject, attempts to establish coincidence fail to be convincing. In his first sketch, Dalzell states that Gray was born on the estate of Washing-



**Alexander Milliner once drummed for George Washington. He was 104 when he died early in 1865**

ton at Mount Vernon, that the first employment of Gray after discharge from the service was again with Washington at his home on the Potomac. In the second sketch this detail of both men springing from the same soil is greatly modified. What is represented as an anecdote showing intimate friendship between Washington and Gray boils down to the most casual incident. After the war Gray related that he was sawing timber on a stream called Dog Run when Washington, who was riding by, called to him, shook hands, made inquiries as to his health, and telling him not to work too hard, bade him goodbye and rode away.

Failing memories, mixture of personal recollections with historical facts which had been widely circulated, are logical considerations in the stories of the aged veterans at the time they were interviewed. Certainly John Gray was a native of Virginia and he was born in the vicinity of Mount Vernon. He stated as his reason for moving to Ohio the property clause in the Virginia election laws, which, he being without land of his own, prohibited him from voting there.

John Gray stated that he was the eldest of eight children. His father, who had volunteered in 1777, was killed in the Battle of White Plains, whereupon the son decided to enlist to carry on the fight.

But by the time he was accepted for enlistment in a militia company commanded by a Captain Sanford, the young patriot was a participant in only the closing pages of the Revolution. Starting the march to Yorktown from Fairfax Courthouse, Virginia, the company passed through Fredericksburg to Williamsburg, where their way was barricaded by the British. Too weak in numbers to engage the enemy in force, their leader asked for volunteers to feel out the strength of the invaders. John Gray was one of sixty men volunteering and we have Dalzell's brief report of his only action in battle.

"It (the fighting) was pretty hot for a little while, I tell you. They had cannon, we had none. They fired grape-shot at us, but it was on rising ground, and they fired over us. We had to fall back, and so we then marched to Richmond. In the next year Cornwallis surrendered. Our time was out the day we came in sight of Yorktown."

**M**ORE detailed and extensive than Gray's are the recollections of spry old veteran Samuel Downing.

Born in 1761, Downing had left his Massachusetts home in boyhood with a stranger who promised to teach him the art of making spinning wheels in upper New York State. Apparently he was only fourteen or fifteen when his military career began. His employer was a militia captain and Downing's ears were attuned to war talk in the shop where the militia-

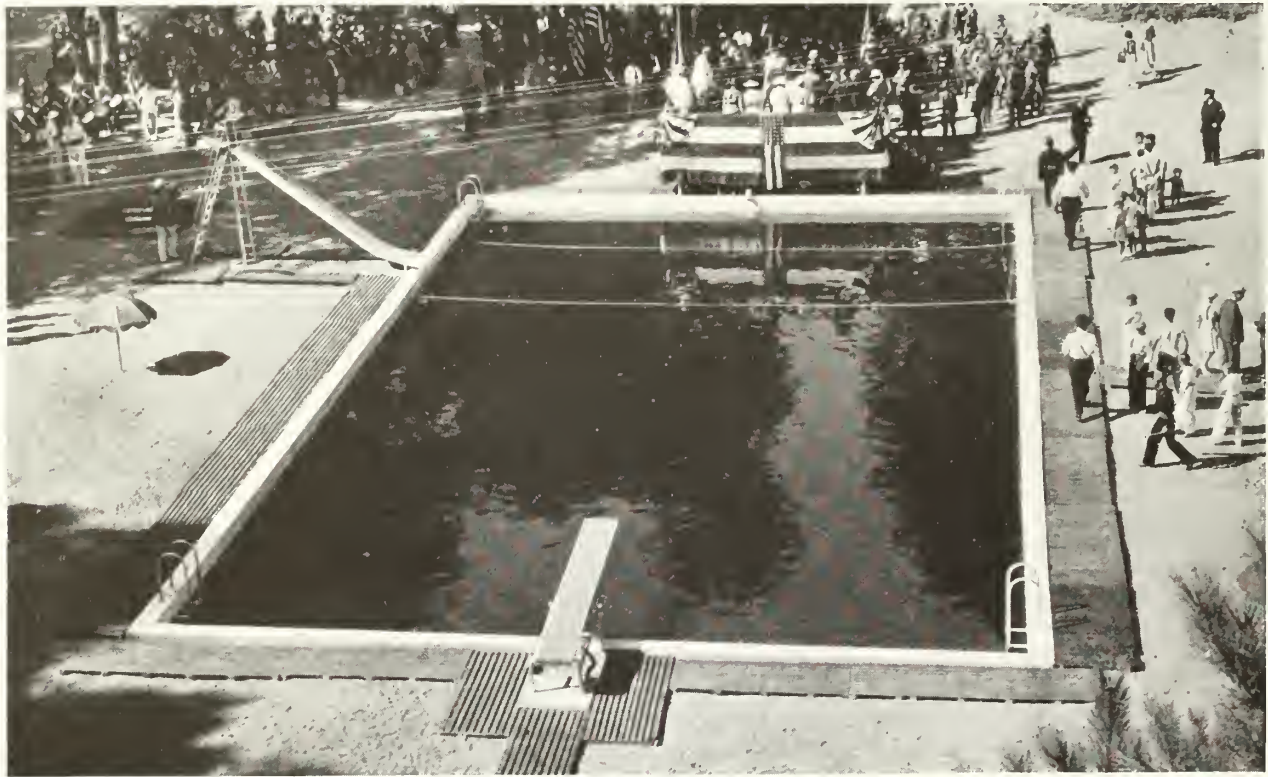


**John Gray, last survivor of the Revolutionary War, who was 104 when he died on March 29, 1868**

men gathered when their duties allowed.

"I heard them say that Hopkinton was the enlisting place," he recollected at the age of 103. "It was eighteen miles and I went it pretty quick. The recruiting officer, when told what I'd come for said I was too small. (Continued on page 56)

# SWIMMIN' HOLE



## Streamlined

**N**OW what was there about the dedication of the pool at Brightside that made it so important?" asks the Holyoke (Massachusetts) *Transcript-Telegram* in its editorial comment on the construction of a swimming pool at a Holyoke orphanage under the sponsorship of Paper City Post of The American Legion. "The pool didn't cost anybody very much. Compared to the great programs of money raising for community and social development it is a minor thing. But there was something about the pool that made everybody that had anything to do with it very happy."

Cost, of course, cannot always be used as a yardstick to measure value. But whatever the cost to Paper City Post in hard cash—or the greater actual cost in labor and backaches to its members and volunteer workers—the thing accomplished will stand for years as a distinct contribution to the health and hap-

**With their own hands members of Paper City Post, Holyoke, Massachusetts, took a mud hole and made a modern swimming pool for the children at Brightside Institute**

piness of the community. With their own hands these Legion workers, and interested associates, streamlined an unsightly spot and created a modern swimming

pool, with recreational grounds surrounding it. The completed project, if done by contract, would have cost in the neighborhood of \$20,000. And that is just one of the reasons why Department Commander John J. McGuire, in his address at the dedication ceremonies, referred to the completed swimming-pool and playground program as the greatest single piece of community service achieved by any one Post in Massachusetts during his administration. And that, in a Legion-conscious Department such as the Old Bay State, is praise indeed.

A willing Post can always find work to do. Paper City Post did not have to go out of its own area to find its job, when it was reported that Brightside Institute, a home where approximately one hundred and fifty orphan boys are housed and cared for, was without adequate recreational facilities and that the boys were using a pool that was but little more than a mud hole for





The welcome sign at the gateway to Sequoia National Park, home of Big Tree Post. Commander Charles Hill and Adjutant Don Raybourn, with Enrolees Pitts and Williams display a work of art

swimming. A small brook fed polluted water into the pool and there was constant danger of an epidemic disease resulting from its use. Paper City Post resolved to take on the construction of a proper swimming pool and to transform the gully where the muddy pool was located into a modern playground as their next community service program. The plans were ambitious and, if carried out by contract, would cost a lot of money. That problem was solved by the offer of volunteer labor by members of the Post and the promise of necessary building material from construction and supply houses.

Then the Post set about to organize its forces under the direction of M. Frank Shaughnessy as General Chairman, and Michael Martyn as Chairman of the Construction Committee. The M. J. Walsh Construction Company contributed the cement, lumber and other building materials and provided much of the equipment used in excavating for the pool and grading the grounds; Matthew T. Doherty supplied the plumbing installation, and many other contributions were made by business firms. Then, when the Legionnaires began the actual work of construction, giving up their evenings and Saturday afternoons to hard labor at the grounds, they were joined by volunteers from other organizations.

In a remarkably short time, and without much cost other than their own physical labor, these volunteers transformed the old swimming hole in the gully south of the Brightside home into a large level area in which is located the concrete pool, forty by seventy-five feet in size. A shelter house was constructed nearby containing showers, toilets, dressing

room, chlorinated foot bath and bubble fountains. The large pool, with a depth of from two and one-half feet to eight feet, was fully equipped with a diving board, four ladders, water chute, safety ropes and life buoys. To make the equipment complete, at the moment of dedication of the pool Paper City Post gave one hundred pairs of swimming trunks for the boys in Brightside Institute, and the official program was concluded with the boys diving into and swimming in the pool.

According to Legionnaire Louis O. Gorman, the dedication ceremonies were attended by nearly three thousand per-

sons. A long parade made up of units of the Massachusetts National Guard, city police, Boy Scouts and civic, fraternal and patriotic organizations preceded the program at the pool. Chairman Shaughnessy said that the Post and all who had anything to do with the playground and pool felt amply repaid for all their efforts when the boys took to the water.

The newspaper editorial referred to answered its own question: "The children who are going to use the pool are going to be happy about it for years to come. For all Holyoke it is something that has the quality of happiness. Paper City Post has a major responsibility for all this happiness and no one in the city is happier than the members of that Post. Those veterans have done lots of things

in their day. They have dug trenches and lived in them. But they got their greatest kick out of going out there and with their own hands help build that pool. Here, there and everywhere they got hold of people who would give the material for the pool. They

Columbus discovered America!! Can't you discover at least one new member for 1940!!



found the men who would give their services or provide for such services as making the plan, laying the bricks, doing the plumbing, pouring the concrete, providing the wiring, setting up the flag pole and all the other details of constructing a swimming pool. They had no end of fun in doing it. It was something they could



A housewarming at Barnstable Post, Hyannis, Massachusetts, with Legionnaire Leonard Nason (center, with food at mouth) getting a bite of "Something to Eat"

do in the good old fashioned way with their own hands. It was the kind of giving that gives a light to the souls of people."

### Big Tree Welcome

VISITORS to Sequoia National Park, high up in the Sierras in California, stop at the gateway to admire an unusual—not to say unique—welcome sign placed there by Big Tree Post of The American Legion. It is not a casual sign, but offers a real welcome to Legionnaires and other visitors, for Big Tree Post, which takes its name from the biggest and oldest trees on earth, meets in Sequoia National Park and that is its home station.

The Legion welcome sign is carved from a cross section of a sequoia tree, thirty-eight inches in diameter and two inches thick—just a cut off one of the baby trees; for instance there is the hoary old General Sherman Tree, still standing, which is thirty-six feet in



Whoops, dearies, would you believe it? The lovely ladies pictured above are all Past Commanders of T. H. B. Post, Elmhurst, Illinois. At left, new Legion theater owned and operated by Manthey-Asmus Post, Gaylord, Minnesota



Legionnaires would enjoy seeing a picture of Comrade Nason eating, and not looking for eats as he pictures himself in many of his stories," but he did not know just how well that picture would fit into this number of the magazine. For instance, there's that story, "Something to Eat," written in the inimitable Nason style, for the delectation of all Nason fans—and that just about includes all Legionnaires and members of their families. It is worthy of note, however, that Steamer seems to be doing full justice to the food supply spread out by Barnstable Post at its housewarming.

Asmus Post of Gaylord, Minnesota—a splinter, brand new one which the Post conceived and constructed at a cost of something more than \$32,000. It was opened just a few weeks ago and is operated directly under control and management of the Post; the income at present is used to pay off the debt incurred in building and purchasing equipment, but after the building has been completely paid for the income will be used for the usual Legion purposes.

The Legion Theater is of ultra modern design, is completely air-conditioned and has a seating capacity of four hundred, and, in addition to the theater auditorium, has adequate rooms for Post uses and a restaurant, which it leases. Gaylord is a town of one thousand population and Manthey-Asmus Post, according to Judge Einar A. Rogstad, has never had less than sixty members since 1923.

The Post has made many other contributions to community welfare, and just to mention another outstanding piece of public service, it expended the sum of \$2,000 in the beautification of Gaylord City Park. Its Junior Drum and Bugle Corps placed first in its class in the Department Convention parade in Minneapolis in August of this year.

diameter at the base and is thought to be about four thousand years old. The sign is finished in the glowing salmon pink color of natural sequoia wood, with gilded letters, and is set up on supports of enduring sequoia timber.

Although planned by Past Commander Ray Walls, the actual carving was done by two boys from the CCC camp in the Park—Enrolees Lawrence Pitts and Ray Williams—and is highly admired as a real work of art.

### "Something to Eat"

LEGIONNAIRE David H. Sullivan sends the Step Keeper a picture taken at the opening of the new quarters of Barnstable Post of Hyannis, Massachusetts, when Legionnaire Leonard Nason—all decked out in his Legion uniform—was the guest of honor. Comrade Sullivan says: "I thought some



### Legion Theater

IT'S not just a name given an amusement house in honor of The American Legion, but a Legion Theater in name and fact owned and operated by Manthey-

### Good Night, Ladies

THERE are ways and ways of keeping Past Commanders busy and active in Legion work, but T. H. B. Post of Elmhurst, Illinois, seems to have hit upon a novel plan. The Post each year holds a Past Commander's night—which has come to be regarded as one of the high-light social events of the year—when the Past Commanders put on the entertain-



ment. And how they can do it! And there's an idea for other Posts.

At the most recent Past Commander's night, eight of the men who have guided the destinies of the Post in past years put on a little playlet, "An Auxiliary Meeting in 1960," in which each Past took the part of his wife—a natural follow-up for "The Post of 1978" which was given the year before. But the hit of the evening, according to Senior Vice Commander Bob Hier, who also edits the Post's *Sniper* and should know about such things, was Past Commander Bill Hardy as Baby Snooks in rompers and long curls. Comrade Bob contributes the picture which appears on another page

from year to year, publicly recorded the Post membership up to each day. The names of members, painted on detachable aluminum plates, are taken down at the beginning of each membership year and replaced as the dues of the individual members are paid; new plates appearing for new members. We have found it to be a decided stimulus to membership; a committee is appointed each year which is responsible for the board and the proper placing of



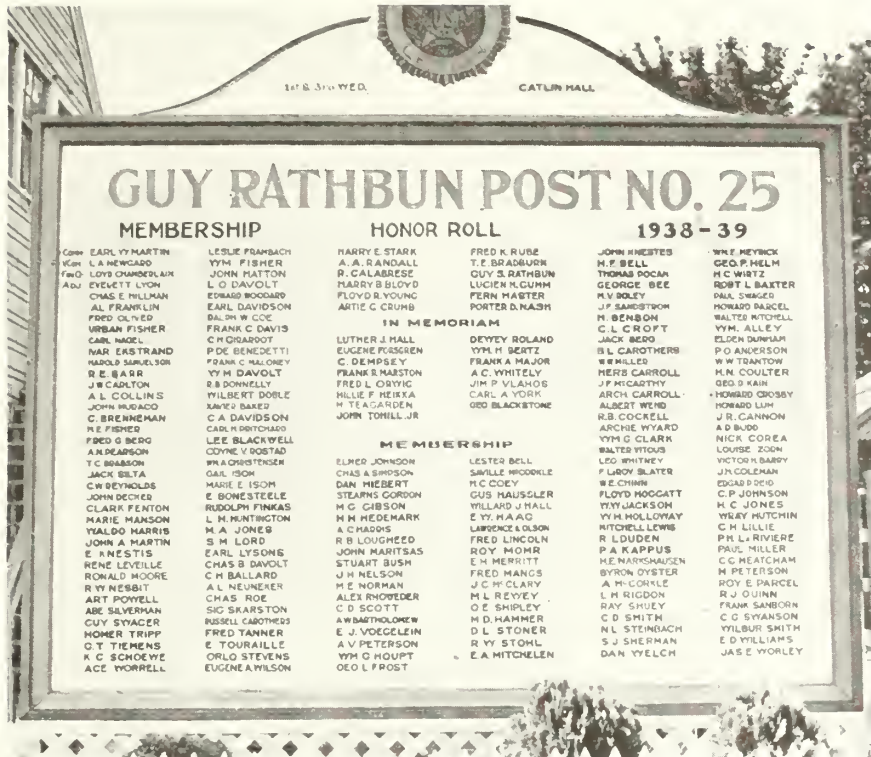
naire Claude E. Wing and installed in the home of James Fitzgerald Post at Augusta, Maine. It is a specially designed book, eight and one-half by eleven and one-half inches in size, with a separate page for the name, service record, civil record, dates of birth and death and place of burial of each member. The book has a permanent place on a special stand bearing the inscription: "Dedicated to the memory of the comrades of this Post who have passed on," and which also bears the

star, laurel wreath and sun-burst insignia of The American Legion. Legionnaire Ned C. Bigelow reports that the memorial was dedicated with impressive ceremonies, when Past Department Commander Hector G. Staples delivered the principal address.

### Service to the Living

ONE of the outstanding service Posts in the metropolitan area of New York is Metropolitan Post, whose membership is recruited from the employes of the home office of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The Post celebrated its twentieth anniversary on September 11th, when, according to Past Commander William H. McIntyre, Jr., they took stock of past activities.

Metropolitan Post operates purely as a welfare organization—"service to the living in memory of the dead"—and even the officers were surprised to find, when they totted up the figures for announcement at the birthday celebration, that since its organization the Post has spent \$105,000 of its (Continued on page 54)



Permanent public record of membership is kept by Guy Rathbun Post, Kelso, Washington, by a combination memorial and display board. It's an idea

and identifies the "molls" in the following order: Back row, left to right, Dr. Stephen F. French, Matt R. Thorneycroft, John Hogan, (official make-up artist), James Sykora, Douglas Chant, and Arden Nance. Front row, John J. Schaub, E. F. Andrews, William C. Hardy and Paul J. McGary.

### Membership Board

HISTORIAN Elden B. Dunham, of Guy Rathbun Post, Kelso, Washington, reports a method officially adopted to keep the public advised of the membership of his Post. Says Historian Dunham: "We are justifiably proud of a large membership board which is maintained in a conspicuous place on the lawn of the City Library. Proper lighting effects make the board equally noticeable at night. Erected in 1930, the board has,

names. Another feature is that the names of men who were killed or died during the World War, and the names of deceased Post members, occupy a permanent place of honor at the top center. A picture of the board is taken at the end of each membership year which is filed with the Post records, thus making an indisputable record for the issuance of continuous membership certificates. Our Post, in a city of seven thousand has a membership of one hundred and ninety."

### Book of Remembrance

ONE of the most practical methods of preserving official records of members who have passed on, in the form of a memorial, is that devised by Legion-



James Fitzgerald Post, Augusta, Maine, keeps a permanent record of its members who have gone west, in a memorial shrine



AS THE crow flies, the nearest battle lines to the town of Is-sur-Tille were almost a hundred miles distant and those lines, in the Vosges area, were predominantly quiet and used for trench-training of troops. So, except for occasional visits from enemy bombing planes—and of such forays we have no record—or the use of a Big Bertha, of which there was none in that general area, one would assume that peace and quiet would have reigned perpetually in that important regulating station in the Advance Section, Services of Supply, A. E. F.

But Is-sur-Tille was destined, after the bombing and cannonading at the front had ceased, to have its moments of thrill and terror. The illustrations on this page depict scenes of one of the disasters—the “shell hole” probably outranking in size any that was seen at the front, except in cases where ammunition dumps had been blown up. The pictures came from Arthur Ashley of Austin (Minnesota) Post of the Legion, with this account:

“I am submitting some wartime snapshots that will certainly bring back memories to most of the thousands of soldiers who were stationed in the Advance Section of the S. O. S. in the vicinity of Is-sur-Tille, France.

“After a few short weeks of drilling, hiking and instructions in first-aid work with the 341st Ambulance Company, I was transferred, shortly after the Armistice, to Vitrey, where we established Mobile Hospital No. 10. On March 3, 1919, I reported for duty at Advance Medical Supply Depot No. 1, Camp Williams, Is-sur-Tille. Here I worked in warehouses, unloading and storing medical supplies which were shipped by rail from various points in France—the supplies including pillows, blankets and stretchers, many of the latter of which, by their blood-stained canvas, told sorrowful stories.

“The slaughter had long since been brought to a halt and all was peaceful and calm in Is-sur-Tille until the 12th of May, when a case of blasting explosives was accidentally discharged in a nearby stone quarry. Four soldiers were killed and several others injured.

“Then at 4 A. M., on May 15th, I was suddenly awakened by a terrific



Not the result of an enemy bombardment but of the accidental detonation of a warehouse full of explosives at Advance Medical Supply Depot, Is-sur-Tille, France, in May, 1919. Below, the former site of the warehouse—a crater bigger than the biggest shell hole at the front



# HANDLE *with* CARE

jar and noise. I thought the end of the world had come. A warehouse which was said to have contained forty tons of explosives went up in smoke. The heavy black cloud of smoke must have been five hundred feet high when we rushed out to see what had happened. One of the warehouses in which I had been on duty was totally wrecked, as shown in the picture, although it was a mile and a half away from the blast.

“I went to the spot where the ex-

plosion occurred and, where the warehouse had stood, found a hole about forty feet deep and ninety feet across. You can gauge the size of the hole by comparing it with the figures of men at its rim and base. I saw some sheet iron from the building lying near a damaged tree some forty rods away. Camp Williams, located about three miles distant, looked as if a cyclone had struck it. Is-sur-Tille, on the opposite side of the camp and somewhat protected by a hill, had beaucoup plate-glass windows broken.

"I am sure any veterans stationed in that area will always remember that morning scare. What was the cause? Who was the sentry on duty on that post? How many casualties were there?"

"Incidentally, a happy incident while I was at Camp Williams: Someone had hidden a case of condensed milk at the top of a store of pillows that were stacked clear up to the rafters of the warehouse. Upon my second trip to the case of milk, I was about to consume my newly-discovered liquid refreshment, when I felt something in a pillow and upon investigation, found probably the sweetest letter ever written to the A. E. F. It contained this:

Dear Soldier:

I am sorry you had to use this pillow for, of course, that means you are sick. I cannot bear



to think of war but I want to do all I can so I filled this pillow. Spring is coming and everything seems so bright and beautiful and it makes me sorry that our own U. S. must have war. I am a little girl eight years old and live thirty miles from Buffalo, N. Y. If I was big I would be a nurse. I hope you can soon come home to your family and friends.

Love,

C. E. D.  
Springville, N. Y.



too many outfits are claiming that they and they alone made habitable that camp which at one time was considered the worst mud-hole of France — and those outfits include the Marines, Army Engineers and other groups.

We will admit that Adjutant C. J. McDonnell of Jefferson L. Winn Post, Princeton, California, qualifies his claim by saying that his gang, the 319th Engineers, 8th Division, "helped" to

**T**HIS department will probably have to check up on official War Department records of Camp Pontanezen, that vast military reservation up above Brest, France, which housed tens of thousands of American soldiers either entering the A. E. F. or leaving it. The reason? Well,

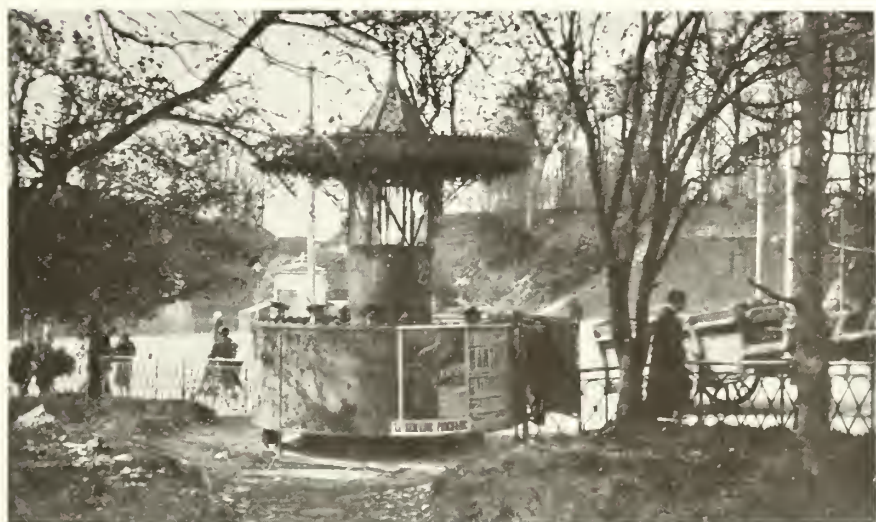
build the Pontanezen camp, and sends as evidence a picture of some of the buildings they constructed. With his picture of the frame buildings constructed, he submitted another picturesque snapshot of a metal structure which, although French-built, will no doubt be recognized not only by soldiers and marines stationed at the camp, but by gobs based on Brest or who put into that harbor. Go ahead, Adjutant, and render your report:

"The pictures I enclose are valued highly by me, but I would like to share them with fellow-readers of *Then and Now*. One of them shows some of the frame buildings constructed by my regiment, the 319th Engineers, at Camp Pontanezen which was just out of Brest. Our regiment was organized at Camp Fremont, California, near Palo Alto, seat of Stanford University. We used quite a bit of the University grounds for our training camp. After doing squads east and west from February to September, 1918, we finally sailed for France on the old English ship *Britton* and after a week in English rest camps, crossed over to Brest about the middle of October. When we reached Pontanezen, we found, except for the old Napoleon Barracks, nothing but turnip fields.

"We pitched our pup tents in the mud and went to work, with rain and mud the general order of most days. We built a saw mill and then went on with construction work. When I left there in May, 1919, we had provided housing for 65,000 men, besides mess shacks, a delousing plant, and other buildings. The Marines moved in to do guard duty in the city and for the outguard, but we Engineers guarded our own camp.

"Our outfit certainly worked. It was five miles to the city and at one time we had a line of men from the city to the camp carrying duck boards which were placed to keep the troops out of the mud. The official records give the 319th Engineers credit for that camp at Brest, and that is where I did all of my fighting in the war.

"The other picture needs no explanation for anyone who served overseas. This charming pagoda for public con-



At top, a view of a small part of Camp Pontanezen, Brest, France, showing buildings constructed by the 319th Engineers. Just above, a picturesque structure on the road between the camp and the city which all A. E. F.-ers will readily recognize

venience was located on the main drag between Camp Pontanezen and downtown Brest. Wonder if any of the gobs in the picture will recognize themselves? At the right there is also seen one of the old one-horse carts they used in France.

"Some of us enjoyed a leave to southern France and visited the castle of the Prince of Monaco near Monte Carlo. One of the boys of our party was later killed in a collision between two trains near Paris. I think his name was Lacey. We succeeded in getting another of our men out of the wreck and he was later sent back to the States after being in an A. E. F. hospital for some time. I would certainly like to hear from or of him, as I helped to get him out. Unfortunately I can't recall his name.

"Our regiment holds a reunion each year during the convention of the California Department of the Legion and our old colonel, Atwell, now living in Los Angeles, recently was president of the 8th Division Society. I would like to hear from the old gang, all of whom were specialists at some trade."

**E**VER run across any of the smoke-eaters while in service? We're not talking about the fellows who served in Gas and Flame Regiments, but of the hose-cart and hook-and-ladder laddies who did their stuff in all camps and cantonments. While we don't recall any serious conflagrations in our particular camp here in the States, we do recall without much pleasure the fire drills that, held periodically, would yank a guy out of his bunk during the dead of the night just when he was pounding his



car and dreaming that some catastrophe had prevented the bugler from blowing Reveille.

As definite evidence that there was such a branch of service, we show a picture of a fire engine and squad. It came to us from Legionnaire John Bremmer of 302d Engineers Post of the Legion, transmitted through his Post Adjutant, Fred A. Rupp, who headquarters at 28 East 39th Street, New York City, in the 77th Division Clubhouse. After Adjutant Rupp's caustic comment regarding "the brush fire raging in the background while our heroes politely posed for the most important business of being photographed," we asked Comrade Bremmer about the particular incident. Here is his version of it:

"While the 77th Division was in training at Camp Upton, Yaphank, Long Island—no doubt remembered by thousands of soldiers from other sections of

the country who cleared through that camp—a football game for the Division championship was being played sometime around Thanksgiving, 1917. The two outstanding teams represented the 306th Infantry and my regiment, the 302d Engineers, which latter had lost but one game all season and that to the 306th Infantry. This was a return game for



**A Camp Upton, New York, fire engine and its volunteer crew. The men, of the 302d Engineers, posed for their picture while a brush fire swept the background**

the championship and was won by the 302d. The three best men on the team, under the coach, Lieutenant Dyer, were Johnny Blair, Harry Buglen and Louis Doerr. The latter was killed in France, September 26, 1918.

"About the second half of the game a brush fire—common to that part of Long Island—broke out and the fire department was called out. We went over to the fire and as it was gaining, we were told by some officer to give a hand. When he went away, we told the firemen that we had come to camp to learn to fight and not to be firemen, so we piled onto their engine and had our picture taken. That group of Engineers on the makeshift Ford 'fire engine' gives an idea of what fine firemen we were. I am the man sitting next to the fellow at the wheel.

"Of the real firemen, I remember only three — Shanahan, Compertello and Charles Kelly. The latter is with Engine Company 5 of the Fire Department of the City of New York."

**W**ITH our former Commander-in-Chief's birthday just past a short time — September 13th — we want to pass on to you an anecdote that was sent to us by W. L. Sprouse of Sawtelle (California) Post of the Legion. Tell your story, Comrade Sprouse:

"Recently I was reminded of an incident of an inspection visit General Pershing made to Base

Hospital No. 43 at Blois, France, during the hectic days of the latter part of September, 1918. It profoundly impressed me with the kindness of our beloved Commander. It happened this way:

"After unexpectedly seeing General Pershing and members of his staff at the army kitchen in front of Base Hospital No. 43, I hurried back to Annex No. 1,

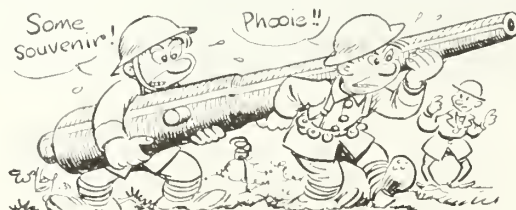
where, as wardmaster, I had charge of eighty-nine patients.

"The General soon arrived and found the ward in much disorder—for the first time in weeks. The German prisoner orderlies had not finished the morning clean-up. It was a great thrill, however, to accompany the General and his party through my ward, where he shook hands and chatted with every patient.

"Near the center of a long row of beds lay a little French girl who had been run over in the street by an American M. P. and severely injured. When the nurse explained to the Commander about the little girl being there, he stooped and kissed the child, saying to the nurse, 'Take good care of her.' Later, when the little girl found out who had kissed her, with childish glee she would tell all her visitors about it.

"If that French girl is alive today, she is probably telling her own children of that famous American General who kissed her that day."

**A**CES and other crack flyers make reconnaissance and bombing flights over enemy lines — dog-fights — planes brought down in flames or otherwise dis-



abled—medals awarded. Such were the things, principally, that the communiqués and newspapers told about the Air Service during the war. But, as was true of every other branch of combatant service, the men who carried on such heroic work required equipment and supplies. Thousands of our comrades, therefore, found themselves on the supply end of the job—far back of the lines, but also doing a most necessary though not so heroic task, of which little is known.

At Romorantin, France, for instance, was located the most important of the Air Service supply bases—Air Service Production Center No. 2, where 305 officers and 6,775 men were stationed. Here were located work shops for the making of airplane-assembly equipment, machine shops, assembly plants, flying fields for the testing of planes and the training of pilots and observers. Here were assembled the first De Haviland 4 planes with their Liberty motors, made in the States and shipped, knocked down, to the A. E. F. In addition, here was accomplished the salvaging and repairing of all the various types of planes, both American and foreign, that were returned from the American front. The foreign planes handled included Spads, Salmsons, Breguets, Nieuports, Caudrons, Sopwiths, Camels and others.

The picture you see shows part of a trainload of salvaged planes being de-



what became of this valuable equipment? Enclosed is a snapshot showing part of a whole trainload of banged-up planes being delivered to the Air Service Production Center at Romorantin during the war.

“As I recall it, there were two regiments of Air Service Mechanics—the 3d and 4th—organized in Camp Hancock, Georgia, early in 1918. After training, the various companies of these two regiments were scattered to air fields in France, England and Italy. My company, the 16th of the 3d Regiment, was stationed in Romorantin, or ‘Romo’ as we called it, together with some Aero Squadrons and Balloon Companies. We arrived there in June, 1918, when the

way below the surface and remove roots and all.

“Of course, we had a training field for aviators there, and I saw many of the students crash on their first flights. Most of the instructors were French and English aviators. My greatest thrill was my first ride in the air in one of the old French ‘hayracks.’

“I remember that Quentin Roosevelt used to fly from the neighboring fields at Issoudun, land his plane and go to town where he visited the Normans. Mr. Norman was one of the richest men in France; most of the French poilu uniforms were made in his factory in Romo. We surely felt badly the day we heard that young Roosevelt had been shot down behind the German lines.

“I always got a big kick out of the Chinese coolies, of whom there were about 3,000 in Romo. They did most of the labor jobs around camp. When they started out for work in the field each morning, they would carry with them eats for the day, consisting of tea, rice and good U. S. white bread; slickers, material to start a fire—and some of them, a bird-cage and bird. They would hang their bird-cages in trees and when they weren’t looking, we would free the birds, which were mostly meadow larks. Then there would be a big battle.

“As most of the Chinese came from the southern part of China, they feared the



livered at Romorantin. The print came from former Corporal George E. J. Boller of the 16th Company, 3d Regiment Air Service Mechanics, now a member of Kensington Post of the Legion and residing at 54 Roosevelt Avenue, Buffalo, New York. This is the story Boller sent:

“No doubt the buddies who served in the lines saw plenty of air battles, and disabled planes scattered about, but I wonder if they ever stopped to consider

**Crippled airplanes from the front were transferred in trainload lots to Air Service Production Center No. 2 at Romorantin, France. Above is a shipment arriving for salvage or repair**

huge plant was under construction and our first job was to help clear a vast forest. And according to French law we had to grub every tree—that is, dig down

cold although evidently they didn’t fear death. They would come up to you on a cold morning and ask you to hit them on the head hard enough to kill them so they could go to their heaven and not be cold any more. According to rumors, if you hit one you were subject to courtmartial, but if you killed one, you were fined \$17.00, as that was what their government figured their lives were worth—believe it or not! (Continued on page 63)

# Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers

**A**CCORDING to Comrade Charles P. Doughtie, of Columbus, Georgia, a Negro from the country was arrested for driving past a red light. When brought before the trial magistrate, he was asked why he went through the red light.

"Judge," he said convincingly, "I thought the green light was for de white folks and de red for us colored people."

**F**ROM Claude Lynch, of Greenmont, W. Va., comes the one about the woman who got off a train at a way station on a special stop order. Only one person was in sight and she asked him: "What time is the next train for Eckman?"

"The train just left a while ago, and there will be no other until tomorrow."

"Then, where is the nearest hotel?" the woman asked.

"There is no hotel here."

"But what shall I do?" she asked. "Where shall I spend the night?"

"I guess you'll have to spend the night with the station agent."

"Sir!" she cried indignantly, "I'll have you understand I'm a lady."

"Well," said the man as he walked away, "so is the station agent."

**I**N AN Ohio tavern a sign bears this information:

ONLY LOW CONVERSATION ALLOWED HERE

**JOHN GORDON**, a former Legion Junior Baseball star, of Manchester, New Hampshire, sends the one about a honeymoon couple, en route, most likely, to Niagara Falls.

"Would you mind if I went into the smoker, dear?" asked the groom, sweetly, although he should have known better.

"What! To smoke?" exclaimed the bride, about to burst into tears—her dreams shattered.

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the young man. "I want to experience the agony of being away from you for ten minutes, so that the joy of my return will be all the more intensified."

**F**OR collectors of "unusual signs," Lewis Edward Ewen, of Springfield, Massachusetts, reports one he saw on a road just out of Brewster in that State. It reads:

NO FISHING

NO HUNTING

NO NOTHING

**GARY GAROFOLA**, of Brooklyn, New York, offers this definition of a dictatorship:

"It is a form of government under which everything that isn't obligatory is forbidden."

**H**E WAS fumbling at the keyhole of a door that had been bolted and locked from inside, about 3 o'clock in the morning. From an upstairs window came a stern voice:

"Where have you been till this hour?"



"You're sure you didn't get any parts mixed when you fixed the toaster and the percolator?"

"Been down to clubsh 'scussin' the taxi sh-trike."

"Very well, then," was the cold reply. "Now, you can go back and discuss the lockout."

**D**EPARTMENT Adjutant Guy H. May, of Tennessee, recalls the one about a young man charged with first degree murder who had no funds with which to retain counsel.

The court appointed a lawyer to defend him, and, as it happened, a shrewd one.

"Do you think I'll have justice done me?" the culprit asked.

"I'm afraid you won't," replied the lawyer. "I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging."

**A**ND then there is the one about the Judge who said to the convicted man:

"Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed upon you?"

"No, Judge," replied the prisoner. "I had twenty dollars, but my lawyer took that."

**AL BOLOGNESE**, of Quantico, Virginia, sends the yarn about a little boy whose sprained ankle was relieved by bathing it with whiskey. After the third treatment he asked his mother:

"Did papa sprain his throat when he was a boy?"

**COMRADE Francis L. Trebing**, of Richfield Springs, New York, tells of two men who ran into each other out there in space after having departed this earth many months. One was a resident of heaven and the other was domiciled in the opposite place, and was telling what an easy life he had. "You know," he said, "I don't do much of anything except sit around the fire to keep my feet warm. How is it up where you are?"

"I've been kept busy shoving around the sun and hanging out the moon and stars at night—you see we're short-handed where I am."

**F**ROM William R. Johnston, of Washington, Pennsylvania, comes the one about a golf professional, hired by a big department store to give golf lessons, who was approached by two women.

"Do you wish to take golf lessons, Madam?" he asked one.

"Oh, no," she said. "It's my friend who wants to learn. I learned yesterday."

**A**S A regiment was leaving for the port of debarkation in 1917 and a large crowd gathered about the railway station and cheered, a recruit asked:

"Who are all those people doing the cheering?"

"They," replied the old Regular Army sergeant, "are the people who are not going."

**KARL KITCHEN**, who was the executive vice president of the 1936 Cleveland National Convention Corporation, recalls one about a soldier taking an examination for some special assignment. One question asked was: "Name the principal part of a sentence."

The soldier answered: "Solitary confinement and bread and water."

# Ten Thousand French Verbs

(Continued from page 15)

coup value received for my cash. The D'Ardenes were no wartime profiteers—at triple the price, the charge would still have been reasonable. And yet, for some of the stalkwarts, that advance payment was a mistake; in fact, for a great number of them, it was a mistake. Let me explain, buddy: The following night, promptly at seven, we all assembled again in the Mairie. Again Mademoiselle D'Arlene floated through the inside doorway and mounted the platform. She wore a white, lacy waist, with a ruffle round her throat. Her hair was fluffed enchantingly. Once more her warmly colored lips parted and she addressed us. Not much preliminary palaver this time. Mademoiselle was very businesslike. Her words were, in substance, something like this:

"Tonight we begin seriously our study of the beautiful and vivacious French language. We will take the verbs first. There are ten thousand verbs in the French language . . ."

The men sat up in their seats as if they had been pricked with a blanket pin. TEN THOUSAND FRENCH VERBS—HOT DAMN!

"We will do ten verbs each night," Mademoiselle continued. "After this we will take up the nouns, the articles, the . . ." and so forth, et cetera, forward yoh! The voice flowed on in well-modulated tone. But the men were no longer giving it full attention. Low-g geared minds were busy with some rapid calculation. TEN verbs a night—TEN THOUSAND verbs—ONETHOUSAND nights. With only TEN MORE verbs in the French language, buddy, we could have

made it the thousand-and-ONE nights. We recalled Scheherazade. It was Dubois declaimed her name—in five sonorous syllables. He expressed the opinion that by the nine-hundredth night we should be getting down to some interesting discussion—in the oriental manner, perhaps. Bleeker wanted to know if there was any relation between the French and the Persian tongues. This threw the discussion out of line and out of hand.

On enrollment night, two-hundred-and-ten ambitious and enthusiastic veterans of the greatest of all wars, signed with Mademoiselle D'Arlene, keen to gather with her round the lamp of learning and become enlightened in a matter in which they were more or less darkened. On the second night, one-hundred-and-sixty-eight of the afore-mentioned veterans took their places in that attractive chamber of seductive instruction—forty-two had been eliminated by the examinations. On the third night, sixty men entered that chamber, one-hundred-and-eight had been invalidated by the shock of those ten thousand French verbs—undoubtedly, there would have been more casualties but for that ten-lesson advance payment.

At the end of two weeks, twenty-five of us still remained in the class. Which was twenty-four too many, buddy. I prayed nightly that I might hold on until I was the *last one*. I had a hunch that I could learn beaucoup French *alone* with Adrienne. My fifty centimes per night had not been spent in vain—I had learned. And this was my knowledge: that no amount of refinement or finishing

can take away from the French girl the fundamental meaning of her life, which is—L'AMOUR—in well-rounded, luscious capitals.

I seemed to be slightly out in front in Adrienne's affection. Perhaps because I was an apt student. Often her hand touched mine and lingered in contact; sometimes our fingers entwined and we tingled with secret pleasure. But I am forgetting myself. Before you get a chance to crack a yawn, buddy, let me turn your mind to a livelier picture. And what a picture. Twenty-five of us rugged, roustabout, hankering Yanks sitting, in our flush of culturing, at the trim feet of lovely Mademoiselle Adrienne D'Arlene, muttering:

Le papier est blanc—  
Le crayon est noir—  
Le chat il est noir aussi—  
Qu'est ce que c'est?  
C'est le vin rouge—(ummm)  
C'est le vin blanc—(ah)  
C'est ça—

And so on, in rhythmic sing-song, in blithe and facile cadence, our noses swelling, our palates flapping, and sometimes, our eyes watering when a verb or a ticklish adjective back-fired and caught us unawares.

And how did it all end? I know you are wondering, buddy. With the MUMPS! Bleeker got 'em. And Dubois and I were quarantined in with him, because we were all living in the same billet. When the quarantine was lifted, the French class was no longer in existence, having expired ingloriously on its three-hundredth verb.

## No Evasion, No Camouflage

(Continued from page 9)

of that subsidy is absolutely in centralized federal power in a single pair of hands. It is the most effective force ever seen in this country to command the votes and political influence of millions of people. It is another long step away from our American system of free electorates and toward the Hitler joke-elections where every voter echoes der fuehrer's will—or else.

There has been scarcely a piece of proposed or enacted legislation in the past six years which hasn't been designed to take something away from the States, or the Congress, or the courts, or the independent agencies of government, or from business managements, or from the electorate, or from labor—great hunks of their former rights and independence under the pattern of American government as it was established and for 150

years remained. It has been designed not only to take something away but to lodge it elsewhere. Where? In every single instance to lodge it not merely in a federal Government but in a federal governor.

Coupled with this gradual sly, silent shift of power has been a constant questioning of, or outright attack on the old American system. Those questionings and attacks, if not in words, at least in principle follow exactly the same argument that Hitler makes.

We must do it to make democracy "work." The capitalist and profits system isn't working. We must bring our democracy up-to-date. It is too slow and inefficient. We must have greater federal control of business, agriculture, the value of money, the spending of money. If private capital won't work we will seize it by taxation and penalties and make it work.

Why, we have gone half way toward Hitlerism without seeming to do so. What the American people and surely The American Legion would never have even listened to, if it had been proposed as a whole dose, has been put over on them silently and bit-by-bit so gradually that they do not yet know what is happening to them—nor what already has happened or is threatened for the future.

Here, I think, is the greatest challenge to Legionnaires since they ceased firing on November 11, 1918. It is in no sense a partisan issue. As many Republicans as Democrats in Congress have stood for much of this. The way national politics seem now shaping up for 1940, it is not so much a question of stopping this revolutionary race toward centralization of power as to which party shall control the power machine. (Continued on page 38)

# No Evasion, No Camouflage

(Continued from page 37)

In advance of the party conventions and platforms it is impossible for any man finally to judge the Presidential issues for 1940. That isn't of primary importance. There is only one battle-field where the cause of our traditional American democracy can be saved. That is in the Congress—the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States. Not one-tenth of this silent and destructive revolution could have occurred if there had been more men in Congress in both parties who had refused to be either bought or bamboozled into turning themselves into rubber stamps.

Every single Constitutional power that has been taken from Congress, it voted itself to surrender. Every thing that has been filched from the courts, or independent agencies of government or from the several States, Congress itself has voted to take. Every dollar of unbearable taxes, every billion dollars of drunken-sailor spending, every ten billion dollars of increased debt—Congress has voted.

Many if not most of those who did the voting, in their hearts opposed. Most if not all of the worst of these devices were not the inventions of Congress. They were the invention of a relatively small group in Washington—men not clearly identi-

fied with any party, but who have eased themselves into powerful advisory positions.

It is these men and not the leaders of either party who distrust the American system and yearn to remold it on some European model of centralized power—if not all the way at once, then to the full extent that they find politically possible for the moment. Their methods are subtle and they are very clever.

Yet, much as we may despise that method of government, it is at the last reckoning not they but the Congress which is to blame either for being dumb enough to be bamboozled or timid enough to be bulldozed.

**T**HAT is where, I think, The American Legion comes in as the great issues of 1940 become clearer. What we need above everything at this critical time is a Congress composed of more brave and independent men who are devoted to the Constitutional system of American government, who detest and despise these attempts to bore from within to weaken it, and who will take neither dictation nor favor from anybody as a method to control their votes.

Now as never before in the lifetime of

Legionnaires, party labels are of minor importance in the selection of United States Senators and Representatives in the House. The American Legion is no pressure group for anything less than traditional Americanism and it should never become one. But above all in this election, every Legionnaire in every State should focus the microscope on the voting record of every Congressional incumbent as a part of his duties as a citizen. He should put every aspirant on the witness stand and permit neither evasion nor camouflage on his statement of his stand on whether he thinks our Constitutional system of division of powers as between state and federal Governments and Congress, the executive and the courts needs any revision toward further centralization to "make democracy work." If he does, the Legionnaire should, like any other citizen, do his best to liquidate him politically.

In addition to this concentration on returning believers in our institutions, rather than doubters, every man who was willing to go to war twenty-odd years ago to fight and, if necessary, die for our form of government, ought to be willing now to talk for it—day in and day out and on every possible occasion.

## Through a Glass Darkly

(Continued from page 1)

a big hand. He promises another show in the near future. The women get up first and file out, followed by the groups of men, in orderly fashion. They go back to their wards. Apparently they have had an enjoyable evening. Perhaps they will long remember the pleasure of it. Perhaps it has meant nothing to them other than routine. What is in their minds is their affair. Pleasant memories, tolerance, indifference. Who knows?

**I**TALK with the Recreational Director and arrange to go through the wards the next day. This is a most enlightening experience—and an appalling one. Many of these men who were once my buddies stare at me strangely or see me not at all. A few are eager to talk and my conversation with them is of the same caliber as might be evident were I talking with one of the members of my Post. Some are intellectual and even the curse of a sick mind is unable to erase their inherent brilliance.

In this one ward I find men who have been prominent as doctors, dentists, lawyers and composers, and in other high walks of life. The apparent hopelessness of the situation appalls me. I inquire as

to the future prospects of these patients and am told that some will return to normal life in time. In time? I wonder. The war was over twenty years ago. Of course, these buddies of mine have not been here all that time. But they are here now. And somewhere back in those days of conflict lies the reason.

The "closed" wards harbor patients whose liability to violence prevents their mingling with the others. It is gratifying to visit the "parole" ward, as here I see and talk with the boys who are about ready to be dismissed from the hospital. While many of them are now cured, some will one day be back again. It is inevitable, in view of the peculiarity of their illnesses.

**B**ACK in the regular wards I mingle with my sick comrades and note their reactions during visiting hours. Mothers, wives and sisters come in to offer an hour's companionship. A little old lady, bent and gray, seeks out a gruff-looking man in white cords and blue shirt. She sits down beside him, smiles, and takes his hand. He says nothing, but permits his hand to be held throughout the afternoon. When she is ready to leave she

smiles, pats his rough cheek lightly, and slowly walks from the room. I watch her go quietly down the long corridor and wonder what she thinks as she trudges along toward home. Then I picture what her home-coming would be like were this gruff-looking man there to greet her.

I look about the room again. A young woman comes in and crosses over to where a man sits, reading aloud. She passes him a bag. He makes no attempt to take it, so she puts it in his lap. He continues to read and she sits there.

Over on this side a wife sits talking with her husband. He gesticulates wildly. She speaks in a low voice. When she leaves there are tears in her eyes.

A neat little mother sits in the front row with her handsome son. She talks to him and he looks at her with big, brown, wondering eyes. She smiles bravely but I sense the awful tearing apart of her heart. I know that she would give her all just to have this boy remember and say, "Mother."

It strikes me then that we have been very lax in honoring these mothers. We have not sung their praise. Surely their cross is infinitely harder to bear than that of our beloved Gold Star Mothers,



who know that their loved ones rest in blessed peace.

These boys have given their all for their country. That theirs is a living death cannot be disputed. True, they receive the finest of care, here in our government hospital; true, also, that they have recreation, amusement and good food, and work only as prescribed by the physicians. Yet for them life is finished. And their loved ones must stand by.

I leave the ward and walk out in the sunshine. Truly the grounds are beautiful. The well-kept lawns, huge oak trees and lovely flowers impress me. It makes me thankful to know that Uncle Sam provides such a soothing atmosphere for his suffering and unfortunate sons.

I am shown about the grounds and truly marvel at the modern workshops. Here craftsmen from all walks of life follow the work of their civilian days. Here is the shoe shop, where shoes are made as well as repaired. And here is the furniture shop, with men busy turning out pieces of furniture that would enhance the beauty of any luxurious home. Here painters are at work. Over here, engravers.

The print shop is always busy. The weekly paper prints news from every part of the Facility. Its editors, reporters and entire staff are patients. The Occupational Therapy Shop is an inspiration. Here men sit before huge frames, with small pictures as guides, weaving articles of beauty and splendor. From these frames will come magnificent bed spreads, rugs, and many other articles of grandeur. Here also we find men weaving baskets, molding pottery and carving wood. Old silks are cut, colored, and made into rag rugs.

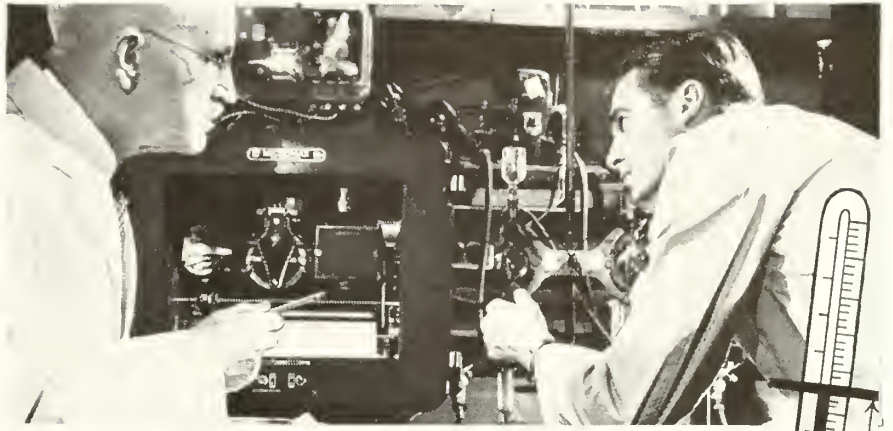
Upon every hand talent is evident. I reflect that soon these clever hands will be making poppies—to be sold in every community on Poppy Day. It is but natural that I wish that every person in our beloved land could spend a day inspecting a Veterans' Hospital and see, as I see, the aftermath of war. There could be no sermon more eloquent, no preaching more able to touch the depths of the human heart.

As a final step I linger a moment in the recreation room, and anticipate the pleasure that my comrades feel when they relax in this comforting and cheerful atmosphere. Long fern boxes, bright drapes, pianos, tables and books give a home-like appearance.

Then, as I am about to leave, I see the thing that gives me the greatest pang of all in this day of heart throbs. It is pathetically simple. Made by these comrades of mine, who ask so little, it sends a poignant stab through my heart.

Though it is only a small sign, hanging on the wall, it is their mute expression of sublime faith and hope. It reads:

WHEN I HAVE LEARNED TO WALK, TALK,  
LAUGH, WORK AND PLAY—I AM READY  
TO GO HOME



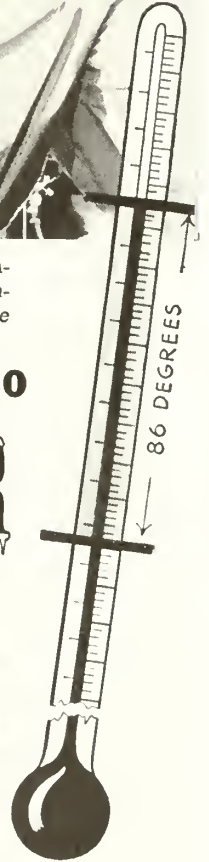
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**S**CIENTISTS who smoke a pipe feel as millions of men do about tobacco. They don't want *hot-burning*, "bitey" smokes, low in flavor. So a leading independent laboratory made impartial smoking-heat tests on 31 of the largest-selling brands. Completely automatic heat-recording equipment printed the results: **PRINCE ALBERT SMOKED 86 DEGREES COOLER** than the average of the others tested—*coolest of all!*

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## Better than Bullion

(Continued from page 17)

the Philippine insurgents on the town.

He explained to us that the Chinese prized gold pieces for the reason that they sweated these pieces by putting them in a chamois bag and after shaking them for hours—during which operation the gold rubbed off would penetrate the chamois—they would burn the bag. The gold reclaimed thereby was very minute but after several years of operating this gold-redeeming scheme, considerable was obtained. This was another Chinese scheme which although not strictly according to Hoyle, still did not denote dishonesty, just Chinese thrift.

Won Toy's house was the central meeting place for all of the Chinese located in the Jaro valley and, in case of danger from the depredations of the insurgents—the Chinese merchants being easy prey for them—they would gather under the protection of Won Toy's roof.

I had warned him on several occasions that some night he and all of his henchmen would lose their respective heads. He laughed at me and said that the insurgent leaders were obligated to him, therefore he did not fear them.

On Easter morning the insurgents under the leadership of three of the most accomplished cut-throats operating in the Visayan Group—Unisto, Rojas and Leno—commenced an attack that lasted for several days. When the first signs of the attack appeared, we could hear the cries of the Chinamen congregated in Won Toy's house. We knew that the insurgents had entered the town and were scattered around near his house. There must be some reason for these shrill cries for help and therefore, with seven men of our detachment of twenty-six, I went down to have a "look-see."

As we approached the house, I discovered some of the insurgents endeavoring to burn down the store and was able to drive them off by sending three of the men under Corporal MacAdams around one side while I took the rest of the men around the other. The door to the store was barred fast and it was difficult to make ourselves heard through the din of Chinese voices. At last we were able to get Won Toy to open the door and, leaving the men outside, MacAdams and I entered the store. We found about thirty-five Chinamen kneeling before some improvised idols and praying at the top of their lungs. Through the assistance of Won Toy we were able to get them out of the building and up to the convent, where they could yell at the top of their lungs in safety. We had to fight our way

back but were able to bring all thirty-five up the hill in safety.

There was not very much to it, but in the opinion of Won Toy we had saved not only his life but the lives of all of his countrymen. He was very grateful, and



**"Don't worry about the proofs, Major. I'll remove that paunch and fill out the chest."**

when a Chinaman is grateful there is no limit. He insisted on giving MacAdams and me, together with the rest of the rescue party, all that we wanted from the store. As none of us had any use for his stock we did not avail ourselves of anything excepting something to eat once in a while.

When I was ordered from Jaro for duty at Tacloban, I went down to say my farewell greetings to Won Toy. He was very sorry to have me leave the town and I felt equally so for we had grown to be very warm friends. As I was leaving the store for the last time, he handed me a slip of paper on which was written four or five columns of Chinese characters.

"What is this, Won Toy?" I asked as I looked over the characters trying to see if the smattering of Greek I had studied in high school would give me some idea of what they intended to convey.

"I cannot tell you but if you need anything from a Chinaman, show him this and maybe he will tell you," he replied with a smile.

I put it in my pocket-book and soon forgot all about it.

When the regiment was mustered out early in July, 1901, I went, with a party of friends, to the leading Chinese restaurant in Chinatown in San Francisco.

While we were enjoying the dinner, which was the usual one served to sight-seers, I happened to think about the slip of paper that Won Toy had given me. I took it out and it was passed from hand to hand around the table. I noticed that the waiter was very curious and tried to read it over the shoulders of my friends and that he had quite a long conversation with the proprietor after seeing it.

When I paid my charge at the cashier's desk, I was approached by the proprietor, who asked to see the slip of paper I had shown my friends. I let him take it and he read it very carefully. Passing it back, he extended his right hand and shook hands with me. At the same time he instructed the cashier to refund me the money I had paid for the dinner.

I was astonished at the effect this slip of paper had on this Chinaman and asked him what it was all about. He replied that it was very good and that I had done something for Won Toy that he appreciated more than he could ever repay. When I tried to pin him down to what the characters actually represented, he shut up like a clam and refused to divulge anything. Just as we finished our one-sided conversation, he asked me if we had ever been through

the real Chinatown. I replied that this was our first visit to San Francisco and understood that it was very difficult to get in there. He replied that he would be delighted to furnish us with a guide who would show us places seldom, if ever, visited by white people.

It was about nine o'clock when we finished dinner and it was broad daylight when we finished with our trip through Chinatown. This was long before the San Francisco earthquake and fire and Chinatown was Chinatown with its beautiful rooms three and four stories under the ground and all connected with a maze of passageways—some of them just wide enough for one to squeeze through.

After I had arrived in my home in the eastern part of the States, I asked an old Chinese friend of mine, whom I had known intimately for some years, what the characters represented. After some hesitation he told me in his broken English that Won Toy's grandfather was at the head of one of the most influential Chinese Brotherhood Societies, or Tongs. The characters on the slip of paper represented a full statement of what Won Toy thought I had done for him and asked that all members of that particular society extend to me exactly the same honors that he, himself, would were he

present. "No white man could receive more from a Chinaman," my friend assured me. "Save it carefully and if you need assistance, just present it to any Chinaman and you will see what it will do for you," he added as I left.

I know that it had some effect, for the Chinese laundrymen seemed to enjoy doing my washing and refused to take any money in return for their work. Chinese restaurant proprietors bent over backwards in furnishing me with the finest they could provide. Every Chinaman I came in contact with tried to outdo what the previous one had done until I refused to carry the paper around with me for fear that it would be copied. Won Toy had repaid everything I had ever done for him years before I stopped carrying it in my pocket-book.

IN 1909, while serving on the staff of an American general in the Philippines, I stored the slip of paper with other personal papers in a chest which was placed on the floor in one of my rooms. I didn't look into this chest for some months and then only when my attention was attracted by a soft rustling sound from the vicinity of the chest. Investigation soon showed that the white ants had eaten through the bottom of the chest and were enjoying a hearty feast on my personal papers.

When I finally managed to clean up the mess, I found that they had chewed around the slip of paper but had not damaged the characters which were written thereon.

This slip is packed away somewhere in my personal papers which I have not looked at for years. I hope some day to run across it and then I will have it framed for preservation.

The friendship of a Chinaman is as fine a thing as could happen to any man and although I realize that opinions might differ as to the standing of the Chinese in relation to the white race, I am certain that I never had a Chinese friend who did not fully understand the significance of the true meaning of friendship. The little slip of paper on which Won Toy traced the four columns of Chinese characters was merely a material gesture of the warmth of friendship he had in his heart for me and is so appreciated by me, the fortunate recipient.



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**"PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE**  
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## See You in Jail

(Continued from page 23)

to report immediately to the Executive Officer."

"Yes, sir."

I walked aft mumbling to myself, "Well, I guess it means curtains for me. One year in service and beached for disobedience."

I knocked on the door of the Exec's cabin.

"Come in," gruffly.

"Coxswain Franklyn, sir. You sent for me?"

"Oh yes, Franklyn. Been in the Navy one year, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," meekly.

"Suppose we were in the midst of a war, would you disobey orders that didn't appeal to you?"

"No, sir."

"Yet you took that responsibility a short time ago."

"Yes sir, but—"

"No excuses, Franklyn," he interrupted, "I simply wanted to know if you realized the full importance of your disobedience today."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then. You will hear from Captain Babcock in the morning. That is all."

"Yes, sir," I gulped as I left the cabin.

I went below decks in search of Thompson and Lewis. I found them and related the content of my interview with the Exec. ". . . and so then he said, 'You'll hear from Captain Babcock in the morning.' I know that it means a summary or a general court-martial."

"Tough luck, Franklyn; jeez, you'd think once in a while that they'd see that some things in life are bigger than orders," said Thompson.

"They know it, but they're afraid to admit it. I guess you and I got off lucky, Thompson," replied Lewis.

A boatswain's mate came through the compartment yelling an order throughout the ship. "Captain's orders, muster on deck, 10 A. M. tomorrow, full dress, all hands, no excuses."

"Dress uniforms! Looks like a general court-martial for me!"

Next morning at ten, all hands in

dress uniforms mustered on the quarter-deck. The entire ship's company lined up according to divisions. The officers also in full dress, including epaulets and Napoleon-like hats. It certainly made me feel important even though I'd probably receive a swift kick out of the Navy. It was a beautiful sight to behold, but my teeth, as well as my knees, were chattering.

I glanced at Thompson, who stood on my left and spoke to him in a scared tone. "Well, this is it. 'Twas good knowing you, Thompson. Bring me a cigarette once in awhile when they put me in the clink. A crust of bread may go good, too. Be seen' you."

"Buck up, buddy."

"Quiet in ranks," shouted the division officer.

The captain, followed by his officers, appeared on the starboard side, walking to the semi-circle of sailors on the quarter-deck, who had received the command of "attention" from their various division officers. The captain took his place facing the ship's company. He carried a piece of white paper in his left gloved hand, compactly rolled. After spreading the rolled, important-looking paper, he blurted out my name and rate. I froze. Again I heard it.

"John Edward Franklyn, acting coxswain."

"Yes, sir," weakly.

"Speak up, man."

"Yes, sir," slightly louder.

"Break ranks."

I complied with his orders. My knees were still shaking as I broke ranks. Is it to be a summary or a general court-martial? Am I to be dishonorably discharged or am I to be thrown in the brig at Leavenworth? Court-martial or what? These questions raced hurriedly through my mind in a split second. I reached a point directly in front of the captain and gave my best military salute under the circumstances of a shivering body. My salute was returned and the captain started talking.

"It is my duty, as the Commanding Officer of the U. S. S. *Buffalo*, United

States Navy, to present you with this citation."

At this moment, my entire body stiffened. In a moment, I stopped shaking and the blood must have left my veins because the feeling in my stomach was one of the funniest I had ever experienced. Was I going to faint away or was I just going to float upwards. The feeling could never be explained, although I am sure that many people have felt that same way at one time or another. I knew that the entire ship's company, including the officers, had expected to hear the charges read against me for direct and wilful disobedience of orders. A general court-martial was the only alternative, as far as my mind was concerned, but what did he mean by "citation"? Something must have gone wrong. The captain continued to read the citation to the ship's company and to myself.

SUBJECT: Commendable Performance of Duty.

1. The Commanding Officer is pleased to commend you for your promptness and initiative while acting as coxswain of a ship's boat in proceeding to the assistance of a seaplane in distress on July 22, 1920.

2. The fact that you were proceeding under other orders, and that when an emergency arose, both you and your boat were ready to meet it and did not hesitate for a moment, and that yours was the first boat on the scene in the harbor, reflects credit upon you and your crew, as well as upon the ship.

3. It is work like this which keeps up the reputation which the Navy has earned in the past.

"My congratulations, Franklyn."

"Well, I'll be . . ."

"What was that?"

"Thank you, sir. . . er. . . thank you."

The citation handed me that day by Captain J. V. Babcock will always be treasured as one of my most prized possessions. It has found the honor spot among my possessions, some of them obtained while I was serving in the A. E. F., Second Division, United States Army.

## Ready at the Word

(Continued from page 11)

have been associated ever since my retirement from active service in 1931. The Citizens' Military Training Camps provide an excellent route through which qualified young men may develop their abilities, with commissions as second lieutenants in the Reserve available to those who, persevering in attending

several successive camps, meet the requirements of study and examination.

To the reader it may appear at once that in my discussion of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps I should be biased because of my intimate relation to it. On the contrary, I feel that my observations, because of the very fact

of my connection with a military college whose history goes back just less than a century, are the more critical than would be the case were I less well acquainted with this very small, but highly efficient element of the national defense—this policy whose premium rate is ridiculously low in proportion to its yields.

The United States Military Academy was the inspiration, beyond question, for the establishment of a series of State military academies in successive decades before the Civil War. In these institutions young men were brought into an atmosphere of strict military discipline, of high academic standards and thorough classroom instruction, of drill and training which prepared the graduate to assume more readily the duties and responsibilities of leadership as citizens, as well as to qualify them to become officers of the State's military forces. The outstanding success of these institutions is a matter of history; for example, of the graduates of one of them before 1864 who were living at that time, more than 99 percent were officers in the Confederate Army; and no better led army than that of the Southern Confederacy ever was known.

Though there may have been no direct connection between the existence of these State military academies and the establishment of military training in civilian academies and colleges and land-grant schools, it is quite likely that several pages were taken from their books, so to speak, in the setting up of these pre-R.O.T.C. training units in 1862; and it was not until 1916 that any material change was made in the scheme of giving college boys the rudiments of military leadership. In the latter year, however, the real Reserve Officers' Training Corps was created, and a far more effective element in the National Defense was set up.

In the senior units of the R.O.T.C., in land-grant colleges, the basic course, covering the first two years' work, is required of all physically qualified freshmen and sophomores who have not had the course or its equivalent already; the advanced course, covering the work of the junior and senior years being elective and selective. In some essentially military institutions having units of the R.O.T.C. all students are required to take the military courses, both theoretical and practical; and in these, successful passing of the courses in military science and tactics is a pre-requisite to graduation. In junior units, much the same course is taught as in the senior units, and those students who pass the requirements are commissioned in the Reserve upon coming of age.

It requires little imagination for a Legionnaire to visualize a green, unseasoned platoon leader—for our World War Army was led principally by such men, and the Navy had its share of equally willing, earnest officers who recently had been civilians without thought of the sea. What these men lacked in training they made up for in patriotism and seriousness; but these latter qualities were not enough to offset deficiencies in military knowledge. It is an oft-repeated but nonetheless true statement that many of our casualties in the World War can be (Continued on page 44)



**"SURE NEEDED A LOAD WITH POWER FOR THAT SHOT!"**

**"Seemed like an hour before he got that gun to his shoulder ... but I got the surprise of my life when he did!"**



**"Quick shooting gets pheasants out here in South Dakota. But let me tell you about one of the slowest bird shooters I ever knew ... and one of the most successful.**



**"That first bird we flushed was traveling! I thought he'd never shoot. The bird must have been sixty yards out when the gun went off. But that was as far as it got!"**



**"We got our limit or near it every time. And I know now how he managed to reach out for those long ones! He was shooting Remington Nitro Express shells!"**

• Make sure the shells you use have power enough to get what you go after. Shoot Remington Nitro Express or Arrow Express (with lacquered body and extra-high head). Both shells have progressive burning powder and gas-tight wadding to keep every ounce of power behind the shot. Both have Kleanbore priming and corrugated, Wet-Proof bodies. Write Dept. J-5, for interesting free literature on Remington Shells. Remember, if it's Remington, it's right! Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.



**"Double" Wet-Proof.** Remington shells have been soaked in water for hours, frozen in ice for days ... then shot without a single malfunction.



**"Kleanbore" Priming.** The original non-corrosive priming. Ends barrel cleaning ... protects your gun barrel against rust and corrosion.

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**Remington**  
DU PONT

## Ready at the Word

(Continued from page 43)

blamed upon lack of training; and the costliest lack existed in our junior officers. The R.O.T.C. is designed to prevent the recurrence of just that deficiency.

It is my firm belief that dollar for dollar, the national defense money spent upon the R.O.T.C. brings at least as great returns as that spent on any other element; and I really believe that because of the high intelligence level of the students, their keen insight into current problems, and their ready interest in the military courses, we are developing men who will be effective leaders in war. It is true that many of them lose touch with the Reserve almost upon graduation, and are dropped from their officer status; but that is not a fault of the colleges.

With pardonable pride I have seen 797 young men, who have been students under my presidency at The Citadel, receive their diplomas, nearly all of them at the same time being given their commissions as reserve second lieutenants of infantry or of coast artillery, or their certificates of eligibility for such commissions upon their coming of age shortly after graduation. I know that

because of the wise provision of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps in the National Defense Act, these young men have received a maximum of preparation for the battles of life, whether in peace or in war. I know that a large proportion of them are fully equipped to take up the duties of a second lieutenant in the Regular Army, and I hailed the passage of the Thomason Act with great satisfaction because it gave an opportunity—although not a sufficiently generous one—for at least a few graduates of R.O.T.C. colleges each year to compete for permanent commissions. I have seen several of our graduates go directly into the Marine Corps as second lieutenants, and one has been commissioned ensign in the supply corps of the Navy.

While the Reserve Officers' Training Corps always has been maintained at a high standard of efficiency, I believe that this great-value-for-small-premium insurance policy of ours would become much more effective than it is now, if it were possible to restore the policy once in vogue, of giving certain honor graduates commissions in the Army immedi-

ately upon graduation. There would be higher morale, more spirited interest even than now, and better development of all graduating classes, with Army careers open to selected individuals. The officers so procured for our Regular Army would have cost a minimum to train; as the very cream of the class each year at many superior colleges, we would gain a new and effective element in our personnel in the Army.

No wise man simply takes out a set of insurance policies and then contents himself with keeping up the premiums of all of them or some of them; instead, he takes stock from time to time, with a view to improving his insurance. Our War and Navy Departments strive hard to build their establishments well and to maintain them at a high standard; they may be regarded as our Nation's insurance advisers. It is well to heed their advice—for all citizens to see to it that our protection against the *fact* of disaster is brought up at least to the minimum consistent with our safety, and that our protection then is maintained alertly and completely.

## Something To Eat

(Continued from page 7)

a few times, and I decided it was some outpost of the Seventh. The regular Army was full of bohunks. We had every nationality in Europe in just my battery alone. I suddenly noticed Peter's face beside me looked like the moon, it was so white in the blackness. He pulled at my sleeve and we went out of there.

"No chow?"

"Shssh! Dose guys is Germans."

"Aw, don't be any simpler than you were born. What would Germans be doin' way inside our lines? Anyway, Germans don't speak Polish."

"No, no, them guys is Prussian Guards."

"Applesauce. That's an outpost or a sho-sho crew of the Seventh. Don't be such a dam' fool, Peter. Every German in the army ain't a Prussian Guard, any more than every doughboy is a marine. If they said they were Germans, they were kiddin' you."

"Sergeant," said Peter, "I come from Poland. Do I know when a man from my country talks to me or not?"

"Well, go tell the looey about it. If there's Germans over there, it won't take long to scour them out."

Peter went off to find the looey. There was a railroad a little way in front of us. It seems that some French were taking up rails to build a dugout with, and some of our doughboys had the same idea in

mind, and our looey had gone down to pry the two working parties apart. There was a hell of a discussion going on down there, so I decided I'd go down in the dugout and go to bed before they sent for me to interpret the French insults.

"What did this guy call me?"

"He said you're a camel."

"Haw-haw. I thought he wanted to fight."

Or a Frog would say, "*Qu'est ce qu'il dit?*"

"Oh, he just said your father an' mother forgot to get married."

"Haw-haw. How did he know? He must know some of my relations."

There was plenty of room in the dugout. The kids were all too scared to come in. If I'd only had something to eat, I could have gone to sleep.

WHERRAM! Boy, did that bring me out of my dope. I'd been asleep without knowing it, and now these idiots had brought back some of those rails and dumped them right on my head. I went out of that dugout spilling words, but when I got to the top step another load of rails arrived. This one lit up the ground for some distance around. It was a shell—a big one, too. I'd never seen anything bigger than a .75 explode before. This one was maybe eight-inch, maybe

fourteen. When they get big, they might be any size. They sound just like an elevated train falling off the structure and the explosion knocks you on your ear, and all that part of the country shudders like jelly for about five minutes afterwards. This one knocked me flat and another lit an' knocked me straight up again. Across the Marne, the hilltops stood out as if heat lightning flickered.

"Thank God," thought I, "at last they've started something. At last I'm goin' to see some war. For over a year I've been roaming around from camp to camp, and now here it is at last."

I felt like a man does at a football game, just at the kickoff. I jumped up and down with excitement.

The looey went by about then, headed west.

"We're doing no good here," said he. "Return to the Seventh Infantry post of command. Report we're under heavy fire." As if they wouldn't know it!

We got another ton of Fourth of July down our necks just then, and when I got up the looey was gone. My interest in the war ended right there.

I don't remember how I went up that hill to the P. C. I suppose I ran. It was quite light, from the flashes of big stuff that was cracking all around me. The only reason I didn't get killed was be-

cause I must have been born to be hanged. Dirt rained down on me in shovelfuls. I got to Le Rocq just as the driver and orderly of an ambulance arrived. They had been going out when suddenly they discovered they were driving a two-wheeled vehicle consisting of their motor and the seat they were on. The rest of the ambulance had gone skyward. They had come back to report, too. The three of us went into that cellar like eels.

"Now, then," yelled somebody, "what's going on here?"

Well, I told my side of it. There were half a dozen officers there in the candle light, French and American. I've read in a book since that the French High Command knew all about the drive, just where it was to start and when, but they hadn't told these officers.

"Just a demonstration," decides a French officer. "Nothing to be alarmed about."

The old colonel agreed to that, but he said he'd feel easier if he'd hear from his front-line battalion, where they were and what they were doing. So up I spoke to say that I knew where some of it was, whatever detail had a Pole in it, because I had heard said Pole talking down near the observation post. That information wasn't any help; it was like saying I'd heard someone in the bushes speaking English. Or Italian.

"Maybe it was Mohawk you heard," suggests some young sprig. "Would you understand Mohawk? There's a corporal in K Company that's a Mohawk. Maybe he's a Micmac. Anyway, he enlisted at Syracuse, that's all I know."

So losing interest in me, they turned away, and believe me I slid back into the shadows. But a French officer in khaki pulled me by the sleeve and led me into a corner. He could speak better English than I could.

"Tell me about the man you heard speaking Polish," said he.

Somebody delivered a load of coal all in one dump in the next cellar, and when the dust had settled, and the candles had been relighted, I told this officer about Pete the Polack.

"Imagine the dumb bohunk," said I. "He thought they were Germans."

"I fear they were," said the French officer. He didn't look very facetious now, he looked dam' scared. "The divisions they've sent back from Russia are mostly those that were in garrison in East Prussia when the war broke out. The Sixth Guard Grenadier Regiment has been bivouacked near Fère-en-Tardenois for a week. They come from Posen. Three-fourths of them are Poles and not Prussians at all."

"How do you know all this?"

"Recoupments," said he, whatever that meant. "The German front-line units of Landwehr have been replaced by an assault division; then this bombardment means a drive. But in front of us are troops of (Continued on page 46)

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# Something To Eat

(Continued from page 45)

the second category—the Poles in the German army have little heart in their work—which means that those before us will make a feint, a false blow, what you call a holding attack. The main effort will be on the flank. Hmm. The right flank. I shall tell the colonel."

That left me free again. I prowled around in that big cellar until I discovered some enlisted men. They were clerks, and headquarters personnel, and ought to know where a man could find a snack. But they didn't. They allowed that the supply train due at midnight had been caught in the bombardment. They'd all been sitting up, waiting for their mail, and the fresh supply of cigarettes, when suddenly the ceilings began to fall on them.

"Food?" I heard someone repeating my last words. Another officer, one of these enthusiastic guys, I could tell by the look of him. I learned to avoid that type later, because they were always gathering the Austrian spears to their bosoms, or something equally noble. "Food," repeats this young brave, "is just what we're going to need. A drive is on. We may be isolated here for weeks. Come, who'll volunteer to unload the supply wagons? You, there, that artillery sergeant, you've been outside, you'll show me where we can start a ration dump. We'll need three thousand canned rations and beaucoup water! Tell me, sergeant, where are the shells falling?"

Well, you tell me in a rainstorm where the rain isn't falling! Only I didn't say that to him. He gathered up some clerks and a few odds and ends and sent them out to unload the supply wagons, and then went with me to see where he could establish the ration dump. He told me the big woods I had seen to the east the night before, the Bois d'Aigremont, was the key to the whole sector, and that was where the last stand was going to be made, so we'd better have the ration dump on its edge. I had just enough sense to remember that when I was orienting I noticed that the road that went from Le Rocq to the woods went through five or six hundred yards of wheat field, right smack in view of the hills where the Germans were. No place to have a ration dump.

The garage was on fire, the big barn had a hole in the roof, and the yard was full of dirt and broken paving stones.

"We'll put the ration dump here," decided the looey. "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place. They're through shelling this place and won't shell it any more." Huh! Neither he nor I knew the Germans!

The looey left me there to tell the men where to put down their ration boxes, and he went off to try to find the supply train. I was getting the old ice water up my neck by then, something incredible. I could see the road to the Bois d'Aigremont quite clearly. It looked like one of these luminous fountains. The fountains



**"Paw's writin' to the Government — he wants t'know what they did with that 35¢ he donated towards flood control!"**

were dirt, and the illumination a line of shell bursts. The racket was infernal. Overhead, once in a great while, I could hear one of our shells going to Germany, just giving kind of a weary sigh. And not many sighs either. I had kind of a vision of our guns trying feebly to put up some kind of resistance against this storm, and not being able to. I didn't dwell on that thought, I promise you.

Along came four lads carrying boxes on their heads. I told them this was the place to put them down, and asked how were they doing, and how far away was the supply train.

"The first wagon was just comin' in the gate," said one guy. "That's the one we got these boxes out of."

They said the horses were dead. Trees were down, the road was being hammered until hell wouldn't have it, and by the light of the shells they could see other wagons, all the way down to the curve.

Daylight came awful fast. It was summer time, anyway. I heard the German planes first, the way people hear birds at peep of day. I knew they were Germans, because they were just skimming the tree tops, looking to see what was left of the Americans. I could see the cross on their wings, and the boys in them looking over the fuselage. They

had peculiar helmets with a big ridge down the middle, like a rooster's comb. I sat there on the edge of the yard on the four ration boxes. I didn't make any attempt to open them. They were all canned tomatoes. "Sunset Joy" brand, I remember well. The first four of the detail were the only ones that had showed up. I went to look, when it was quite light, to see where the looey and the rest of them were. They were all down the road. That entrance driveway looked as though a hurricane had struck it. Trees all down criss-cross, dirt and shell holes everywhere, dead horses, broken wagons, dead men. I wasn't hungry any right then. The cracking, and the loads of coal, and the great big crumps were still arriving regularly four or five to the minute. What does an artilleryman do now? I had no gun, I had left it in the dugout. I had no field glasses, I had left them there, too. I wouldn't go down into those fields again for all the guns and field glasses in the A. E. F. Then I saw my first Germans.

Way down, way down, opposite Fossoy, there was a long row of them. A couple of companies, all strung out in single file, walking through the wheat. I could tell they were Germans by their color, the shape of their coal scuttle hats, and the way they advanced. If they'd been our troops falling back, they wouldn't have walked that way. Come to think of it, rifle and machine-gun fire were pretty loud down there, if a man took the time to listen. The colonel should know about this. I started away on the jump, and just about in mid-air I heard one coming. It was going to be close, it howled so loud. The shell and I hit the ground together. I got an earful of dirt and my hair parted on the side, but when I looked, both legs and arms were there, and worked when I got up. But the ration boxes! The shell had blown them all open. There weren't tomatoes in them at all, but jam! Grapelade, raspberry, and plum-apple! Some wise quartermaster had boxed the jam in tomato boxes, knowing very well no roving soldier would steal canned tomatoes. As for jam, it was as safe as matches in a cigar store. Well, well, guess the colonel could wait a second or two while I inspected the jam. If I only had some bread, now—

"Here, you, are you the artilleryman?" I jumped. Behind me was a group of officers, the old colonel, and Peter the Polack.

"Yaw," grins Pete. "I tole you, colonel, where the chow is you always find the sergeant."



The loopy, the one that volunteered to unload the supply train, had, like a good officer, reported the location of the new ration dump before he had gone to work. He was dead, now, with most of the detail, out there along the road. So Pete, being asked where I was, guessed I'd be at the ration dump.

"Can you see any Germans from here?" asked the colonel.

I told him about the companies near Fossoy. One of the officers put his field glasses there, but couldn't see them. There was a dam on the river right in front of us, that ran from a little island. Germans were crossing over it like flies. Another officer pointed to the east. There were some hills there over a little creek called the Surmelin. He said he could see long lines of American prisoners being marched toward the river.

"The enemy has been infiltrating all night!" decided the colonel. "This man here has shown remarkable intelligence. Not you, sergeant, the runner, I mean. What is your name? Well, Pete will do. From his information we know that this is a German drive and that the main attack will be from the east, and not from the north. This is only eight-thirty, but I have identified two German divisions in front of us, the 10th and the 37th. How long do you suppose it will be before the assault?"

"Oh, any time now," said the French officer. "There is no more gas. Sign their own troops are near."

"Artilleryman," said the colonel. "do you know what 'eventual barrage' means?"

"Sure do, colonel. I know where it is to be fired, too. Behind Grèves Farm, so when the krauts come through, they'll get it right in the nose."

"Excellent. You go back to your battalion and tell them to fire eventual barrage. Tell them I said so."

"Colonel, Grèves Farm is about a mile in back of us."

"I know it is. The enemy will be up the slope and through Grèves Farm by the time you get back to your battalion. I have nothing to stop them with here. If the 30th over there hold out, they'll be outflanked. This officer has just ridden in from the French 77th Infantry. The Germans have overrun them. The enemy is at Condé-en-Brie, about four miles behind us."

He turned to an officer who had been writing down what he said. "Got that? Give it to him."

"Button it up in your upper lefthand pocket, sergeant, so if you're killed, someone can find it. Now scoot."

The last thing I saw was Polack Pete. He had gotten hold of a bayonet somewhere and was opening a can of jam, gurgling to himself in ravenous anticipation.

I didn't go down the road; I'd seen enough. Anyway, it was impassable. So were the woods. They were full of ration carts (Continued on page 48)

*"Imagine teaming me with that Tightwad!"*

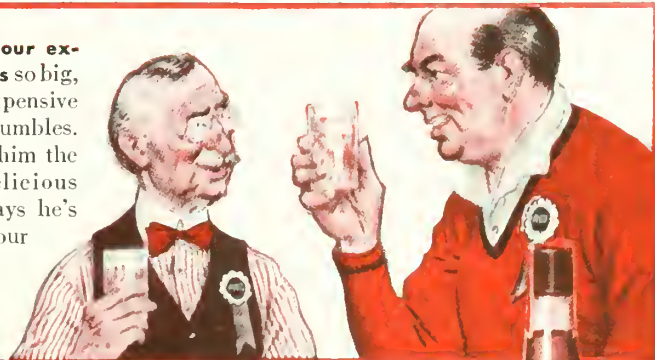
**1** Mac is our auditor, and a real nickel-nurser if there ever was one! Every time I turn in my expense account, we have a big battle. So at our office picnic, the boys thought it was funny to team us up in the three-legged race. But we surprised them by winning!



**2** When we get our blue ribbons, I say: "Let's Double Our Enjoyment. I'll buy you a drink of TEN HIGH—the rich, straight whiskey with No Rough Edges." And Mac says, "Humph, I guess you'll put that on your expense account!"



**3** "No wonder your expense account's so big, if you buy this expensive whiskey," he grumbles. And when I tell him the low price of delicious TEN HIGH, he says he's going to tell all our men about it!



# TEN HIGH

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY ☆ STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY  
90 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

*The whiskey with "NO ROUGH EDGES"*



## Something To Eat

(Continued from page 47)

and water carts and ammunition carts that had stampeded in there. Horses all dead. Kicked themselves to death, most of them. I went through the wheat. Boy, did I sail! There was a line of observation balloons from one horizon to the other on the German side. I tried to kid myself they wouldn't shoot at one man.

I was all wrong there. I guess maybe I was an hour or more getting to some place I recognized. It was a little farm called Les Aulnes Bouillants. All those farms and all the woods had names; they were all very, very old. "Aulnes" is a twelfth-century French word that means "springs." Well, at Aulnes Bouillants I ran into two companies of the Fourth Infantry in reserve. They wanted to know what was going on. I'm telling you they were a sober bunch. A man that's been walking all night to his own funeral looks pretty glum.

"The boches are across the river," said I, "and they'll be in on you from Grèves Farm." I showed 'em the message to prove it. The ranking officer went away to make his dispositions to meet an attack from the east.

"Got anything to eat here?" I asked. "No."

"Well, I'll be on my way then."

I told them to send some first-aid

men to pick up a guy in the ditch with his leg blown off that I'd seen on the way down.

From there I went on to Heurtebise Farm, where my regiment had a telephone that was working, and so got through to the major. He didn't seem to show much interest in my message. He said they might just as well request a barrage on the moon; the outfit had been without ammunition for hours.

Was it my fault, for Petesake?

So having discharged my duty, I was going to have something to eat. If we were to be in a German prison camp by night, by God it wasn't going to be on an empty stomach.

I had quite a job getting back to my battery. Everybody wanted to know what was going on. The ditch was full of French infantry in reserve. 73d Division, they said, with orders to counter-attack through the Bois d'Aigremont. The old colonel had been right, the boches would be through the 30th by the time I got to my battery. Well, I was in a mood to eat even canned tomatoes. I reached the gun position, and began to meet gunners and telephone men I knew. Or had known. I'm telling you these kids had become old men during the night. Their faces were so chalky, they looked like snow men.

I went into the battery commander's dugout and reported. I was pretty proud of myself by then, to be the first man back from the front, with news of the German attack—who was making it and where it was coming from. I certainly was the know-it-all.

"What the hell are you doing here?" asked the Old Man, like someone filing a saw.

I explained.

"You're a disgrace to the battery," said the Old Man. "That dumb bohunk, Pete Stewizsky, is the hero of the hour, I'm told. He doped the whole attack, and you come high-tailin' home. Go on back to your outfit at Le Rocq where you belong."

"Sir," said I reproachfully, "I thought I was doing my duty."

"Duty my breech-block. This outfit has had hell shelled out of it all night long, gas ruined all our chow, and shrapnel punctured our water cart. That big reserve of canned tomatoes would have been both food and drink to us, and I find you gave them all away. Get to hell out of here before I tell the gunners and they make hash out of you!"

So I started back for Le Rocq. If Pete the Pole was such a fair-haired boy up there now, maybe he could get me something to eat.

## Once a Flagship

(Continued from page 3)

tubes which haven't heard a voice ring down them since that September day in 1922 when the *Baltimore* was decommissioned and left to die. You stir a few papers scattered on the deck and think of the days and nights when this very room was filled with secrets it would have been worth a nation's life to know.

But enough of such misty memories. You go out onto the flying-bridge and gripping the twisted hand rail survey the vacant decks, the two battered funnels, the hooded ventilators, the boat stanchions which once cradled sturdy small boats all gone long since.

The signal flag locker on the foredeck reminds you of the bright bunting once sported by the cruiser in her youth when she was the darling of the fleet. You inspect the spaces where once glowered the eight-inch gun batteries which sang out their song of destruction and death to the old Spanish dream of world empire. Climbing back down the ladders you go forward, passing the foredeck coaming and the capstan until you stand beside the jackstaff still sturdy and up-

right. But it has been a long time since the starry jack has fluttered at the bow of the *Baltimore*.

Then down you go into the forepeak. Here in the coolness of the steel clad nose of the ship, the sound of the waves slapping against the hull, lures you into the bygone days when the nation was thrilling to the tune "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and the boys were marching off to Cuba.

Here are the old steel bunks with their rusted mattress springs which once debouched sleepy seamen into the cold rigors of a North Atlantic night or into the hot glory of a tropic dawn. Hooks show where the hammocks of the men sleeping in this quarter of the ship once swung—hammocks which were slung for the last time aboard the *Baltimore* years ago.

Now back to the main deck and making your way aft you pass an old rocking chair comfortably resting in the shadow of the ancient upperworks. The years are beginning to unfold now, for as you inspect an old control box you make out

the legend "General Electric 1889—1894—1901."

Still going aft along the main deck you enter an old supply room, its shelves labeled for fittings all now gone.

Over on the port side you find the officers' wardroom. Someone has discovered old newspapers aboard the ship, for gazing at you from the wall is the silver-tongued William Jennings Bryan, arms outstretched, perhaps in the act of delivering his famous "Cross of Gold" speech. President Teddy Roosevelt glares through his eye-glasses, his body held erect in stern pose. You think of Teddy—great favorite of the Navy. You think also of the days of the "Big Stick," when he sent Fighting Bob Evans and the fleet around the world.

Now on aft until with a pause you stand at the entrance to the commanding officer's quarters. In this now dust-filled cabin have lived some famous American sailors: Rear Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, when the *Baltimore* was flagship of the Atlantic Squadron back in 1890; Rear Admiral William P. McCann when he

was commander-in-chief of the Pacific Fleet in '91; Capt. Winfield Scott Schley, the *Baltimore's* first commander, and Lieutenant Commander J. B. Briggs, who commanded the ship at the bombardment of the Filipino insurgents at Dagupan in the Philippines to score an American victory.

Daring the shades of the past you pick a key off an old bureau standing squarely on its feet on the starboard side. The key grates in the lock and the drawer comes open. But it holds—only a bunch of rusted bolts.

You thread your way back and step down a wide companionway until you find yourself on the gun deck. Here are the long rails of the mine tracks, for when her days as a cruiser ended in 1913, the *Baltimore* was refitted as a minelayer. And it was as a minelayer that she rendered her World War service in the laying of the North Sea mine barrage.

The steel shutters in her sharp stern are open and through them you catch a glimpse of the busy Pearl Harbor Navy Yard across the channel.

The hot sunlight emphasizes the cool quiet down below in the ship. As you go forward inspecting the tiny staterooms of the officers you are impressed with the efficient use of space made by warship builders even in the 'Eighties.

It was on this deck that a 4.7-inch Spanish shell entered the ship and "struck a box of 3-pounder ammunition of the fourth division, exploding several charges and wounding Lt. Kellogg, Ensign Irwin and six men of the gun's crew—none very seriously," as Commander Briggs, then executive officer of the *Baltimore*, reported at Manila.

You happen on the mine elevators and thrill to finding an old control station—nerve center—of the ship. Then you clank across the fireroom gratings around the funnels and finally feel your way down a narrow ladder to the dark oil-smelling engine room platform.

Here cut off from the sunlight of a modern day the old Navy seems to live again.

You stand at the elbow of Chief Engineer J. D. Ford as he passes the anxious hours of the night of April 30, 1898. The officers and crew have cleared the ship for action and have been at general quarters since 9:42 P. M. Topside all is dark as the American squadron steams through the Boca Grande entrance of Manila Bay.

Down below, however, it is hot and noisy with the coal passers filling and dumping their bucket loads onto the fireroom deck plates where the sweating, near-naked stokers are hard at it feeding the greedy flames.

Both shores of the channel entrance are dark until suddenly off to the southward several sheets of flame flash out against the tropic night. The roar of the Spanish guns is lost however in the noise of the batteries aboard the *McCulloch* and *Boston* as they return the fire.

The fleet creeps on. Just before dawn coffee is served out to officers and men and then at 5:42 A. M. the flagship *Olympia* immediately ahead of the *Baltimore* opens fire on the Spanish fleet.

Down in the engine room the tenseness of that earlier time reaches out and chills you. You stare forward and downward

into the shadowy bulk of the engines, try to trace the dim outlines of ladders, strain to feel the oily heat and the repressed excitement, listen to hear the throb of the engines and the terse commands of the officers. Instead you hear only the splash of the waves running along the steel (Continued on page 50)

## CAUGHT by rising tide in SHARK-FILLED WATERS!



G. BROOKS TAYLOR  
Pledger, Texas

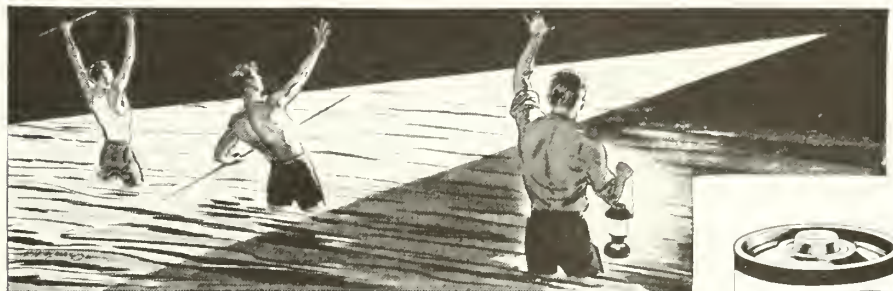
1. "One night a party of us started out to spear flounders in the warm, shallow Gulf coast waters," writes Mr. Taylor. "As the tide ebbs away, the flounder remains on the sandy bottom, often in only a few inches of water."



2. "Enjoying the sport, we wandered farther and farther from land, trusting the lantern left on the beach with one of our party to guide us safely back."



3. "Suddenly, we realized that the tide had turned! Then, our guiding light disappeared. We didn't know which way to run! We were caught in shark-filled waters!"




4. "Panic stricken, we scurried about madly. Then, a pin-point of light far away winked reassuringly! Unable to fix the disabled lantern, the man on shore had sensed our plight, and luckily had a flashlight in his dufflebag. It probably saved us. From now on we will sing the praises of 'Eveready' fresh (Signed) DATED batteries—the kind you can depend upon in emergency."

*G. Brooks Taylor*

**FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE**



NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.  
Unit of Union Carbide  and Carbon Corporation

## Once a Flagship

(Continued from page 49)

casing of the hull. Only in such profound quiet could that be possible.

It's time to go topside and get back to 1939. Here on the sunlit quarterdeck you get a sweeping view of the ship which after the first action at Manila came back at 11:16 o'clock in the morning of May 1, 1898 to lead the squadron in the final destruction of Admiral Montojo's Spanish fleet.

Out here in the daylight it is better to look at the statistics concerning the *Baltimore*—out here in the sun away from her ghosts and her memories of years ago.

Laid down in 1887, she was launched in '88. As you visualize the four eight-inch, six 6-inch and fourteen rapid-fire guns mounted by the ship, you are amazed at

the array of artillery compared to the size of the cruiser. The *Baltimore* is 315 feet long, 48 feet, 6 inches wide, draws 19 feet, 6 inches and has a displacement of 4,413 tons.

The remains of the late Capt. John Ericsson, designer of the famed *Monitor*, were conveyed to their native Sweden aboard the *Baltimore* when she steamed to Stockholm in August, 1890. She has seen service in American, Chilean, European, Hawaiian and Asiatic waters. She served as protector of Americans during trouble in the West Indies and in Morocco. It was she that left Honolulu in '98 to rush ammunition to Dewey's squadron at Hong Kong.

You clamber back over the side, leaving her to her memories.

As the gas tug slips forward you mark the long nose ram which forms the *Baltimore's* bow, her dilapidated superstructure and the bare tops of her fore and mainmasts reared against a background of blue sky and white trade clouds.

A board of inspection and survey has examined the old seafighter and further decision as to her final fate is being considered by the Navy Department.

The *Baltimore* may take pride when she slips down channel for the last time, however, not only in her past glories but in the knowledge that at some future time a new *Baltimore* is sure to bear the Stars and Stripes with equal pride across the waters of the seven seas.

## Bring Yourself Back Alive

(Continued from page 21)

in modern traffic. Cars too old to be safe should be kept off public highways. Man is the master of the machine. He makes it. He must keep it in good repair. He should not be allowed to let it become a public hazard.

*The driver and walker.* How are you going to control the human factor? Into almost every accident the human factor enters. Driving after drinking is just one such example. How can effective control be imposed on drivers and walkers?

**A**BIG order. But it can be done! Before we leave that matter of driving after drinking, let's use it again as an example of the human factor. Here's a driver who says, "I've got more sense than to drive when I'm drunk." Quite so. But how is a driver to know how his human mechanism—eyes, nerve centers controlling his muscles and keenness of judgment—are affected by a given amount of alcohol?

This is no treatise on temperance, but we've got to face the facts as we find them.

Many more crashes occur when a driver "has been drinking," but is not drunk, than most of us have any idea of. You can't call in a squad of scientists to measure you up for accuracy of judgment, perception and muscular responses after every highball, to see if you pass the safety test. The conclusion is obvious: Take your driving or drinking straight. Never try to mix the two.

Here's a driver bearing down on an intersection, a stop sign ahead. Another car is skimming along at right angles on the main route. Who has the right of way? Surely the first driver will stop, for

isn't there a sign saying Stop? But he doesn't.

After the crash he explains: "I didn't see the Stop sign."

Why? Maybe the sign was too small, dirty, broken, possibly hidden by weeds or foliage.

Or, if he told the complete truth, he might say:

"Well, I didn't see the Stop sign because my mind was on something else. My wife is very ill, and I've been wondering how I'm to pay the hospital bill. I wasn't thinking about such things as traffic signs."

The mental factor is one to be reckoned with. Worry is the foe of efficient driving or of anything else. The emotional condition of the driver simply cannot be ignored. Any person forced to drive when mentally fatigued or worried should realize the extra hazard he carries, and determine to use every possible precaution not to pay the penalty his inefficiency may demand.

**S**OME persons are physically handicapped in driving and should be realistic enough to know it and make adjustments accordingly. How are your eyes? O. K.? Fine. But suppose you had only one eye. Or suppose you could only see as though you wore blinders—only a relatively small angle to the sides. Put your hands up to the sides of your eyes and see how that would be.

Then also suppose it took you twice as long to react after seeing a Stop signal as it took the driver ahead. Wouldn't such handicaps cause you to be a mighty cautious driver if you took a chance and drove at all?

More and more it is being realized that driver tests can be given which will be helpful in ascertaining whether or not a person is physically equipped to drive a motor vehicle. Many an accident will be avoided as such practical tests are put into more widespread use.

Probably the main human factors to be reckoned with in auto crashes are not knowing enough about the job of driving under today's race-track conditions and not having practised good driving long and hard enough to have developed good habits and skill. Then there's the problem of the aged driver, who learned to drive after maturity had set his muscles and habits and who finds it difficult to make the proper adjustments; the immature; the inexperienced; the ignorant and subnormal people who just don't know how or why.

Then there are those who don't take the pains to drive well enough. They're O. K. physically and they know how, but somehow they just don't come through. They don't want to avoid accidents strongly enough. They're indifferent and thoughtless. They're not so big a menace, however, as that small minority who just don't give a damn about the other fellow or their own hides and who are really reckless.

School is the best place to remedy the lack of knowledge, and the American Automobile Association and its affiliated Motor Clubs have been national leaders during the past four years in stimulating and sponsoring programs for the training of high school students and adult beginners to be sportsmanlike drivers. Staff specialists of the Association, assisted by prominent educators, have prepared

the "Sportsmanlike Driving" text which is used in book or pamphlet form in about one-third of America's 25,000 high schools, as well as in many adult driving schools, CCC camp schools, and other adult training activities.

Starting in 1936 at The Pennsylvania State College, a movement to train teachers to teach a high-standard driving course based on AAA research, has developed to where forty leading universities and colleges offered summer session courses this past summer to teachers. During the past three years some 2,000 teachers have been trained. Many of them are carrying on courses in their high schools or in adult institutions to improve driving skill.

And while we're talking about human factors we mustn't forget the pedestrians. A three-year study of pedestrian accident factors has just been completed by my organization, which is also sponsoring a National Pedestrian Contest for cities, States and schools. National awards will be made for outstanding reductions in pedestrian accidents, and in the conducting of activities which safeguard pedestrians and make street use more convenient for them. Two hundred and thirty cities and 23 States, to date, are entered in the contest, the school section of which began with the opening of the 1939-40 school term.

Many outstanding facts about pedestrian accidents and the legal, educational, engineering and enforcement activities necessary to promote pedestrian safety and convenience are contained in a new booklet, "Pedestrian Protection," now available through AAA Motor Clubs or the American Automobile Association. Two out of three persons killed in traffic crashes in cities are pedestrians—and even in rural areas one-third of those killed are afoot. While the driver must accept blame in a good many of these accidents, we cannot let the pedestrian go scot-free. As a matter of fact, he does some of the craziest things imaginable, just as though he expected a guardian angel to be on the job beside him every second of the time. He crosses streets from between parked cars, against the signal light, diagonally, and without looking. On the open highway many folks still walk on the right-hand side where without a periscope they can't tell what's coming up behind them.

If everyone on the rural highway would walk on the left side and carry or wear something light-colored or a reflector device, the rural toll for walkers would be reduced considerably.

Legionnaires, here's a challenge to you! Not only to safeguard yourself as a walker, and members of your family and circle of friends, but others in your community! Pedestrian safety is now being spotlighted. It offers Legionnaires and Posts an opportunity to do a constructive safety job for the community. Your National Headquarters has indicated (Continued on page 52)



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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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# Bring Yourself Back Alive

(Continued from page 51)

a genuine interest in this program, and your National Commander, Stephen F. Chadwick, is one of fourteen national leaders who sent messages to the American Automobile Association urging action on pedestrian safety problems.

What about the highway? We hear lots of people saying that the highway itself is only a small factor in crashes. With this statement I cannot agree. Oh, yes, it is theoretically possible for folks to use almost any kind of highway without accident. But from a practical point of view, considering modern cars, general ranges of speed at which they are driven, and traffic conditions, drivers have a right to ask: "How suitable are the highway conditions under which we are forced to operate? Have our highways kept pace with the development of the motor car and the increases in traffic?"

For a very considerable percentage of our highways the answer is no. The occupants of the sedan which smashed against that culvert head just two feet off the concrete surface were victims of a situation which has not kept pace with modern traffic needs. Harry Tucker, Professor of Highway Engineering of North Carolina State College, has indicated that "road and street conditions are contributing factors in about thirty percent of all traffic accidents."

Within the past year I have taken two extensive trips from Washington over major highways. Here are some of the bad features noted: Blind curves and hillcrests, deep ruts at the edge of the hard pavement, shoulders too narrow and not in good condition, culvert heads too close to my right wheels, and bad spots unprotected by guard rails. Dangerous curves—and many of them; sharp ones, curves with no banking or "dishing," curves with no warning signs or ones that I couldn't read at night. Railroad grade crossings without adequate warning signs or signals. At two or three places I was practically on the tracks before I realized that there was a grade crossing. Narrow roads carrying traffic heavy enough to warrant four lanes.

Now, we mustn't blame the highway engineers, for we've got a fine group in most of our States. They want to do a

good job and they know how to do it. They want to make curves safer, to build better shoulders, wide enough so that a car can stand off the traffic lane entirely when it is stopping or broken down. They want to remove those damnable culvert heads. They want to

But the actual picture is very different from that. Existing conditions impose very severe limitations on speeds which are reasonable. We get mixed up by thinking about speeds in terms of maximum limitations of miles per hour. Going too fast for existing conditions is the worst accident-breeder there is.

Until recently many car manufacturers were advertising automobiles built for speeds of eighty miles an hour or more. They're not advertising high speed any more, thank goodness. They deserve a lot of credit for cutting that out, because it induced lots of folks to try to make the car go at that speed. They tried it on highways built for speeds of not more than thirty or forty miles an hour, and they were flirting with death at sixty, seventy or eighty. More than that, the drivers themselves, most of them, weren't quick-thinking and quick-acting enough, didn't

have the judgment, to drive at those speeds even in the daytime. And at night, so many of us frequently out-drive our headlights. We just can't see well enough at night to go at the speeds that many people drive. That's one reason why night accidents have increased so greatly. More than half of our fatalities occur at night, despite the fact that there is very much less traffic at that time. Do you know that four out of five fatal accidents involving adult pedestrians occurred during darkness hours between 5:00 P. M. and 1:00 A. M.

This matter of speed is an especially important factor in rural areas. Nearly two out of three fatalities now occur out in the country. Again there are numerous factors involved, but plain going too fast for conditions is one of the main ones.

LET us look a little bit further at what to do with the driver himself. For many years organizations such as the American Automobile Association have been sponsoring driver's-license laws. Forty-six States and the District of Columbia now have such laws, with forty-three of them having provisions for examining drivers before a license is issued to them. Three more States issue licenses but do not have an examination. One State licenses chauffeurs only, while two still have no license law what-



"Did you know you had ants in your plants?"

separate the directions of travel on the main highways so that there is a comforting "no-man's-land" between vehicles traveling in opposite direction. They want to build better intersections, in some places to separate the grades. They know that we need better signs and markings and that many of them should be made effective at night by illumination or use of reflector buttons. They want to build better guard rails. In certain places they desire to illuminate the highways with modern effective types of illumination. They want to put in highway sidewalks where needed. They know that these improvements will reduce accidents.

Clarence Taylor, Traffic Engineer of the State of Massachusetts, found that on the type of so-called "divided highway" there were only half as many accidents per million vehicle miles for four lanes as when the four lanes had no "no-man's-land" in between. Lots of money is being collected from the motorists. It should all be spent for highways, and a good proportion of it to eliminate the worst of the existing hazards.

What about this matter of speed? The statement that speed in itself is not a cause of accidents leads to faulty reasoning. If a perfect driver had a faultless car on a perfect highway all to himself, his speed wouldn't cause an accident.

soever. I suggest you check up on what your State has. If it hasn't a good law, whose fault is it?

"Oh, we don't want our liberty curbed in any way like that," some may say. A good license law, properly administered, is a protection to the motoring public. Perhaps it does involve some bother and may cost you a little something. But don't forget that there is a lot of bother and cost involved in paying for accidents and in lying around a hospital for several months.

If the driver's-license law is going to mean all it should, we've got to be more firm in the suspension and revocation of licenses. Drunken drivers, hit-and-run drivers, repeaters of serious violations and others who will not accept their responsibility, must be ruled off the road. Ticket-fixing and other forms of using influence to evade discipline just don't go with greatly improved accident records. There is also great need of simplification and improvement in court procedure in traffic cases.

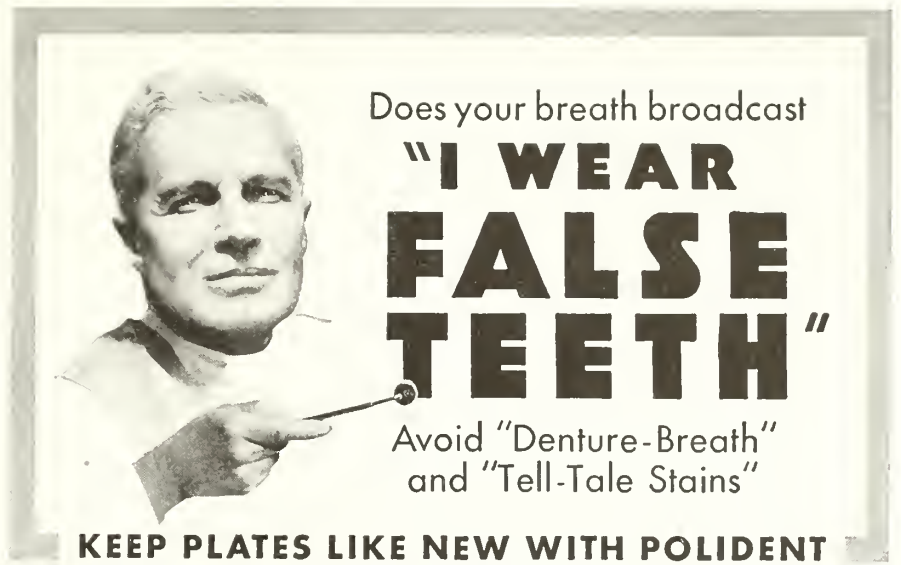
The three cities which stand out as national leaders, have brought down their toll from well above twenty deaths to less than seven deaths per 100,000 in the last five years—Evanston, Providence and Milwaukee—deserve honorable mention. They're doing a bang-up, all-round job.

The sooner we Americans realize that we are not going to win this peace-time war wherever we have inadequate personnel in police, highway patrols, traffic engineers, and judges on the bench, the sooner we're going to see big reductions in the toll.

Certainly more traffic personnel is needed, but a more important matter is proper training of those we have. I suggest you check up and find out in your own community how many traffic officers are actually out patrolling highways where the serious accidents are largely occurring. Find out how many of them are assigned day after day to relatively minor and unimportant details. Find out whether your chief of police has a strategy board which compiles accident records and uses them, finds out where the worst spots are, what the worst hours of the day are, what violations are causing the most trouble, and then concentrates on these problems. Most police chiefs would be glad to have help in this serious situation. They're not so hot about having their men out marking chalk on a lot of parked cars when they know that lives can be saved.

**T**HE most basic need in this whole picture is for better education in traffic and safety. Teachers of grade-school children have shown all the rest of us that by effective educational work the death toll can be reduced. In the last ten years fatalities among school children have gone down a bit, while for adults they have practically doubled.

Now the high (Continued on page 54)



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**"I WEAR FALSE TEETH"**  
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**KEEP PLATES LIKE NEW WITH POLIDENT**

Two things can tell everyone your teeth are false—just as surely as if you shouted it—STAINS AND DENTURE BREATH!

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**Cleans and Purifies Without Brushing**

Add a little Polident powder to 1/2 glass water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse —and it's ready to use.

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# Bring Yourself Back Alive

(Continued from page 53)

schools are teaching traffic safety. For well over three years my Association has been busy developing materials for high school courses in traffic safety and driving.

When it comes to educating adults we don't have the formal educational process in the schools to fall back on, and it is a much harder job. We've got to do it, nevertheless. It can't be done with temporary drives or safety weeks. There must be well-planned and permanent programs of continuing education through newspapers, radio, motion pictures, schools for drivers and violators' schools, and the magazines. Using your influence to get better driving and more careful walking will help save lives.

Perhaps you're going to take a trip. Driving on that long business trip—to

the national parks—on that long-deferred fishing jaunt—to see grandma—or to the convention? And taking the wife and kids along? Well, why not pin these suggestions in your hat? They may help to bring you back alive:

*Take it easy.* Don't try to cover too much ground in one day. It's less hazardous—and less expensive—not to drive too fast. Stop and relax once in a while. Get clear off the road and get out and stretch.

*Obey signs and signals.* Failure to do so accounts for a huge share of the accidents. Road signals—and hand signals. Giving a friendly hand signal is a part of the game when you're going to stop, change lanes, or turn.

*Watch overtaking and passing.* Yes, it's better to wait until you're *sure* you can

safely pass that car or truck ahead, especially at curves and on hills.

*Sun down—slow down.* A wise motto for motorists. You just can't see as well after dark. Remember, more than half the traffic deaths occur during darkness. And don't take a chance of going to sleep at the wheel. Once is too often.

*Take care of your car.* Be fair to the old bus. She's doing the best she can. Keep brakes, steering apparatus and motor in good order. A tire worn to the fabric is mighty expensive economy if it blows out.

*Be a road sportsman.* Don't hog the road, don't be impatient, don't crowd. And say—be kind to poor, unarmored pedestrians. They deserve consideration. Remember, you're a pedestrian most of the time.

# Swimmin' Pool—Streamlined

(Continued from page 31)

own funds for the care and relief of needy veterans and their families. They were also surprised to learn that some families had been carried on their relief rolls for as long as eight years. The regular Post funds for relief purposes are supplemented by a monthly collection of five cents per person from fellow employes who have an interest in the welfare work, and the administration and distribution is carried on by volunteers, eliminating overhead.

In addition to heavy contributions made each year to the New York County

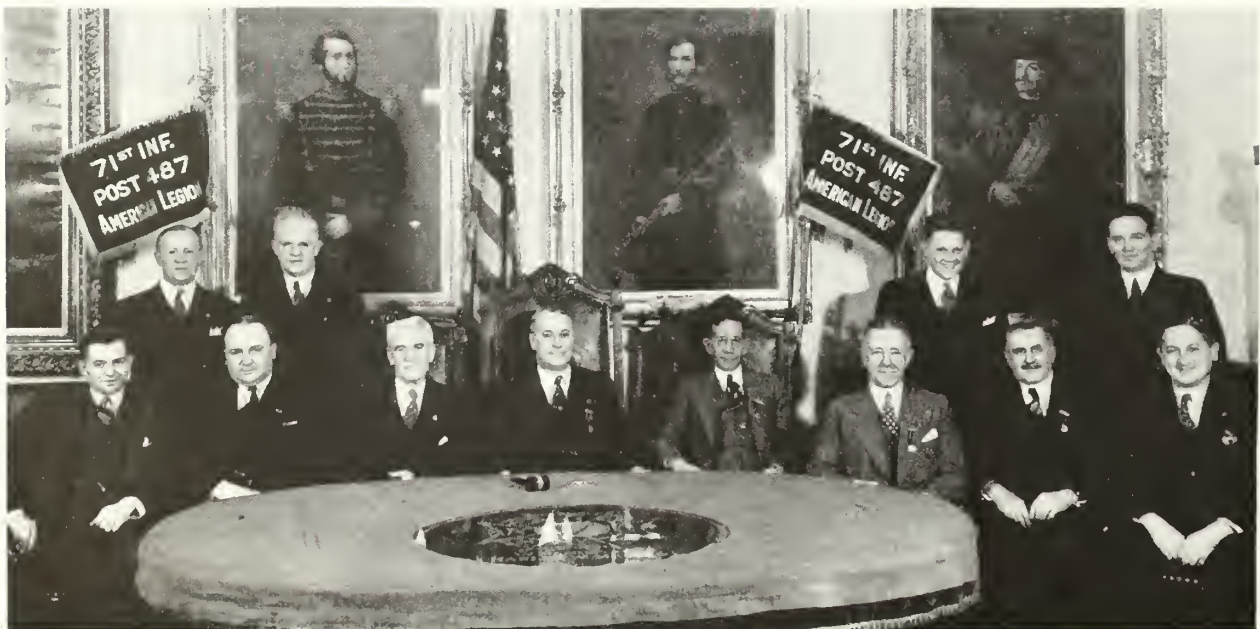
welfare fund, Metropolitan Post has contributed approximately \$25,000 to The American Legion Mountain Camp at Tupper Lake, which included a heating plant, trucks and cash contributions. The Post also gave a cabin to the American Legion Children's Camp at Roosa Gap, New York. Its entertainment committee stages a monthly show at one of the Veterans' Hospitals in the New York City area, put on with professional talent.

At the end of its twentieth year, says Past Commander McIntyre, the average

weekly welfare expenditure is \$100. The Post has a membership of three hundred and forty.

## Big Day in Havana

JULY 4th is always a big day in Havana, Cuba, when Havana Post puts on its celebration in honor of the day and also in honor of the children of the American and British nationals resident in that city. This year the celebration was staged on the spacious grounds of the National Hotel with two hundred and eighty-



The twelve Past Commanders of 71st Infantry Post, New York City, representing twenty years of Legion service, at a meeting of the Post held in their honor



three children present. The adults swelled the crowd to well above the five hundred mark. "The Legion takes this opportunity to keep the Fourth alive in the minds of American children who, living in a foreign country, do not get the same chance as those who live in the United States," says Past Commander C. C. FitzGerald, "and to remember and to know the days which are held sacred in our history. Havana Post celebrates Armistice Day and George Washington's birthday with dinner dances, while on Memorial Day services are held at The American Legion Mausoleum."

*The Old Seventy-First*

VETERANS of the old 71st Infantry in New York City banded together to form a Post of The American Legion in 1919 and that Post has celebrated its twentieth anniversary with all of its twelve Past Commanders still in active membership and actively interested in Post work. Though the old regiment has long since lost its designation—it was consolidated with the 2d Regiment to form the 105th Infantry, 27th Division—the spirit of the 71st lives on. Three of the Past Commanders, Messrs. Maslin, Potter and Kuehnle, are old files who served with the 71st in Cuba in 1898. Past Commanders in the accompanying picture, which was taken at the observance of the most recent Past Commander's night, in order of service are: H. Maslin, F. Potter, S. Bulkley, A. G. Rolandelli, J. J. McAleet, F. C. Kuehnle, P. G. Flynne, E. Dames, J. Jurgenson, C. Strickler, J. A. Walker, and F. Cahir.

*Knights of Wooden Shoes*

HERE is a new one—the Knights of the Wooden Shoes, created by Prospect Park (New Jersey) Memorial Post. Says Charles A. Lenge, Jr., Post Publicity Officer: "The Post is located in a community made up of people whose forebears came from the Netherlands and, of course, came to be known as the 'wooden shoe Post.' Later, when the officers sought to create some special reward for distinguished service to the Post, the 'Knights of the Wooden Shoes' came into existence. Only Legionnaires who have performed some service to the Post or act of special merit are admitted to membership. A special initiation ceremony has been devised, designed to establish good fellowship and impress the newly-created Knight with the dignity of the honor conferred on him. The official badge is an elaborate thing—a piece of bright colored awning cloth the size of a dollar bill, on which a wooden shoe is suspended by a horse-blanket safety pin. About twenty Knights have been created and the organization has been received with favor at public meetings where the members have appeared wearing their wooden shoes and sporting the insignias of membership." (Continued on page 56)

# Start a Neighborhood Business Selling FOOD

Here's your big chance! Everybody must buy food. Own a profitable neighborhood FOOD ROUTE. A wonderful opportunity to make good money all year 'round—full or part time. Complete Valuable Outfit, including large assortment of regular full-size packages, FREE to reliable persons. I give everything needed to start making money at once! You positively need no experience.

Weekly profits grow as you expand your route of regular users. And you can build your business on my capital. The nation-wide success of my re-

markable Plan is largely due to the powerful appeal of good things to eat. Practically everyone loves delicious pies, biscuits, puddings, and other food delights.

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Why not cash in on this universal appeal of appetizing foods? Why not enjoy the exclusive right to all the profits to be made in your neighborhood? Write NOW for my Free Offer! In addition to foods, this nationally known line includes over 100 other quick selling, steady repeating home necessities—all absolutely guaranteed. Besides the money you make—you can save money by getting home necessities for your own use at wholesale prices.

My valuable Free Outfit contains, not only full-sized packages, but trial samples, advertising material, a big, beautiful catalog, my time-tested and proven Plan, and everything else needed to start making money. Write at once for this sincere offer made by an old reliable company. Mail the coupon TODAY! E. J. Mills, President, 7978 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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# ENOUGH SAID!

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\*Cars up to 5 years old

(SEE PAGE 41)

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### THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT July 31, 1939

#### Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 544,117.42
Notes and accounts receivable	29,431.33
Inventories	91,102.50
Invested funds	1,983,015.27
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	204,176.35
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	123,597.64
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	32,312.64
Deferred charges	23,742.05
	<u>\$3,031,495.20</u>

#### Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 66,386.86
Funds restricted as to use	46,882.92
Deferred revenue	321,920.05
Permanent trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	204,176.35
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$1,920,833.54
Unrestricted capital	471,295.48
	<u>2,392,129.02</u>
	<u>\$3,031,495.20</u>

## Swimmin' Pool ~ Streamlined

(Continued from page 55)

"Of course wooden shoes have been adopted as the official foot-gear for all Knights; these shoes are painted a deep orange, in honor of the reigning house of the Netherlands, and bear the emblem of The American Legion in proper colors on the toe. The honor of knighthood is much sought in New Jersey, and Prospect Park Memorial Post, as a result, is always assured of a selection of good speakers for its patriotic celebrations."

### Shrapnel

FLINT City (Michigan) Post has just elected Mrs. Herbert Fitzgerald, former corporal, U. S. Marine Corps, as its Commander for 1940. The Post is a 'bachelor' and Mrs. Fitzgerald will command an outfit of men Legionnaires . . . L. B. Faulk Post, Monroe, Louisiana, recently fitted up an emergency truck for use in time of disaster or great emergency. One of its first calls was a most unusual one—in which a woman's life hung in the balance. Just as surgeons prepared to operate on a woman in a case of great urgency, the city lights failed and the hospital was plunged into darkness. The American Legion emergency truck was hurried to the scene, and in five minutes the lights were restored to the operating room and the surgeons continued the work. The operation was successful and the woman recovered . . . Legion luck! Believe it or not, but H. W. Wade, Chef de Gare of Burlington, North Carolina, Voiture vouches for the story—W. Banks Horton, Past Commander of Yanceyville (North Carolina) Post, won the first jackpot at a movie bank night; he won the second drawing, but was not

present to receive it; he also won the third drawing, and when some one yelled "crook," a fourth drawing was held in the theater lobby. The winner—W. Banks Horton . . . "The 'Back to the Faith' story in the May issue of the magazine gave me an idea," says Jack Allan, Chairman of the Community Betterment Committee of Hollywood (California) Post. "I proceeded to have a similar sign painted on a board situated on a lot adjoining our clubhouse. The board was dedicated on July 1st with representatives of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faiths present." . . . Fox Valley Post, of Aurora, Illinois, has just dedicated a splendid new home. The funds for purchase were raised by a series of dances and benefits. At the dedication exercises, when Department Commander Edward Clamage was the principal speaker, a plaque was unveiled bearing the names of the twenty-one charter members, and special honor was paid to the founders. . . . The drum and bugle corps of Albert J. Hamilton Post, Bellingham, Washington, led a contingent of nearly three hundred Legionnaires to Vancouver, B. C., to welcome King George and Queen Elizabeth. The nationally known corps, which was designated as the official honor guard of the American Embassy, was received by the royal couple with gracious approval. . . . Another believe it or not! Arthur C. Routzong, business manager of the Pocatello, Idaho, Cardinals, a Pioneer League baseball team included in the farm system of the St. Louis Cardinals, reports that thirteen of the fifteen boys on the team got their start in Legion Junior Baseball. **BOYD B. STUTLER**

## The Last Eight

(Continued from page 27)

I told him just what I'd done. 'Well,' he said, 'I'll give you a letter to Colonel Fifield over in Charlestown and perhaps he'll take you.' The next day I went and carried the letter to Colonel Fifield.

"He accepted me. But he wasn't quite ready to go; he had haying to do; so I stayed with him and helped him through it, and then I started for the war."

Private Downing's first duty was the guarding of wagons bound for Springfield. One day the whole column was set on the run for reasons that were not clear to Downing. His legs did their best, however, when an officer behind him yelled: "Run, you little dog, or I'll spontoon you!" Not desirous of being spontooned, Private Downing ran, and soon found there was a method in the madness. It was not a retreat, but an attack. The

column surprised a British train, capturing it without an exchange of shots, apparently, for Downing made no mention of gunfire.

There were several hogsheads of rum in the convoy, and these became the spoil of the commissioned personnel. But during the night a wily sergeant managed to garner a supply for distribution among the "other ranks." "All we wanted," reported Downing, "was to live like the officers, not any better."

Subsequently his command was transferred to the Mohawk Valley of New York, under Benedict Arnold. Downing's estimate of Arnold is sufficiently accurate and sufficiently well expressed to stand as a final summary of that murky and contradictory personality:

"A bloody fellow he was. He didn't

care for nothing. He'd ride right in. It was 'Come on, boys!'—'twasn't 'Go on, boys!' He was as brave a man as ever lived. He was dark-skinned, with black hair, and of middling height. There wasn't any waste timber in him. He was a stern-looking man, but kind to his soldiers. They didn't treat him right. He ought to have had Burgoyne's sword. But he ought to have been true."

Downing fought at Saratoga. "We got Burgoyne where we wanted him," he declared succinctly, "and he gave up. He saw there was no use in fighting it out. There's where I call 'em *gentlemen*. Bless your body, we had *gentlemen* to fight with in those days. When they were whipped they gave up. It isn't so now."

Soldiers and civilians of a later generation — soldiers particularly — will note that, disregarding Private Downing's naive definition of a gentleman as someone who gives up when whipped, it is never the most recent war that produces the finest flower of chivalry.

Downing was at Yorktown, "right opposite Washington's headquarters," and had a sufficient number of glimpses of the Commander-in-Chief to make his brief description of him important: "He was a fine-looking man, but you never got a smile out of him." Downing's final touch of reminiscence is memorable: "When peace was declared we burnt thirteen candles in every hut, one for each State."

The most notable of the veterans interviewed by Mr. Hillard had the least notable war record. He was Daniel Waldo, a native of Windham, Connecticut, who in 1855, at the age of ninety-three, became chaplain of the House of Representatives. Most of his brief service was in his native State. In March, 1779, in his seventeenth year, he was captured in a skirmish and confined for some two months in New York City, where, unfortunately for romance, he was well-treated "with the exception of short rations." He was released by exchange, returned to Connecticut, graduated from Yale College in 1788, and devoted the remainder of his long life to preaching.

Reverend Mr. Hillard's next interviewee, Lemuel Cook, was also a native of Connecticut, spending his declining days in Clarendon, New York. Born in 1759 in Cheshire in the Nutmeg State, he was mustered in at Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1775—"Second Regiment, Light Dragoons; Sheldon, Colonel—Stanton, Captain." He served throughout the war, being discharged at Danbury, Connecticut, June 12, 1784. Much of his reminiscence is hearsay—latrine gossip, it seems, flourished as hardily in 1776 and thereabouts as it did in 1918—"it was reported that Washington was going to storm New York." But where Cook was reporting what he really saw he is an excellent witness. He was present, for example, at the actual surrender of the British troops at Yorktown, and his eyewitness account is vivid: "We were on a

kind of side hill. We had plaguesy little to eat and nothing to drink under heaven. We hove up some brush to keep the flies off. Washington ordered that there should be no laughing at the British—said it was bad enough to have to surrender without being insulted. The army came out with guns clubbed on their backs. They were paraded on a great smooth lot, and there they stacked their arms. When they see the artillery they said, 'There, them's the very guns that belonged to Burgoyne.'"

And this touch is unforgettable: "Greene (Nathanael) come from the south'ard—the awfulest set you ever see. Some, I presume, had a pint of lice on 'em. No boots or shoes."

One of Cook's graphic little recollections must be given in full:

"The first time I was ordered on sentry duty was at Dobbs' Ferry on the Hudson River. A man came out of a barn and leveled his piece and fired. I felt the wind of the ball. A soldier near me said, 'Lem, they mean you; go on the other side of the road.' So I went over and pretty soon another man came out of the barn and fired. He didn't come near me. Soon another came out and fired. His ball lodged in my hat. By this time the firing had roused the camp, and a company of our troops came on one side, and a party of the French on the other; and they took the men in the barn prisoners and brought them in. They were Cow Boys. When they brought the men in, one of them had the impudence to ask, 'Is the man here we fired at just now?' 'Yes,' said Major Tallmadge, 'there he is, that boy.' Then he told how they had each laid out a crown, and agreed that the one who brought me down should have the three. When he got through with his story, I stepped to my holster and took out my pistol, and said, 'If I've been a mark to you for money, it's my turn now. So deliver your money, or your life.' He handed over four crowns and I got three more from the other two."

The phrase "cow boys" requires explanation. The region directly north of New York City, Westchester County, now a rich suburban area from which a commuting army of tens of thousands storm the metropolis every morning and back into which it retreats every night, was known as the "neutral ground" because it was precisely that. Inevitably it was an area in which considerable lawlessness flourished. Probably its supreme nuisances, so far as the residents themselves were concerned, were the roving bands of marauders—"cow boys"—who rounded up cattle and drove them to New York for sale to the British. It was while on the lookout for "cow boys" that three casual Yankee guards (who happened to be playing cards at the moment) were able to stop Major John André and thereby probably preserved the independence of the United States.

Closest of all to General Washington in the group was Alexander Milliner, aged 104. At (Continued on page 58)



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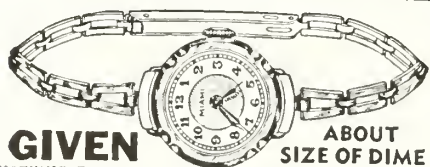
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## The Last Eight

(Continued from page 57)

the time of Mr. Hillard's interview with him there was a dispute between the old soldier and the Washington authorities as to when and where he enlisted, but it is incontestable that he did serve, and as a drummer boy. Milliner was the son of an English goldsmith who accompanied General Wolfe's force to Canada and who fell with his chief in the moment of victory on the Plains of Abraham. The widow subsequently moved to New York and remarried. The idea of a British soldier bringing his wife to a war loses some of its oddity when one learns that during the Revolution the widow herself accompanied her drummer-boy son in his travels.

One must take several of Milliner's observations with a grain of salt, due to his age and to his kindly efforts to be a responsive witness to Mr. Hillard's well-intended promptings. One may accept or not his statements that Washington patted him on the cheek and called him "his own boy," and that "on a bitter cold morning" the Commander-in-Chief gave him "a drink from his own flask," without in the slightest degree impugning Milliner's honest wish to have the record straight. But the following incident is so circumstantial one may be permitted to accept it:

"One day the General sent for me to come up to his headquarters. 'Tell him,' he sent word, 'that he needn't fetch his drum with him.' The Life Guard came out and paraded, and the roll was called. There was one Englishman, Bill Dorchester. The General said to him: 'Come, Bill, play us up this 'ere Yorkshire tune.' When he got through the General told me to play. So I took the drum, overhauled her, braced her up, and played a tune. The General put his hand in his pocket and gave me three dollars, then one and another gave me more, so in all I got fifteen dollars. I was glad of it; my mother wanted some tea." Mrs. Milliner,

it appears, accompanied the troops as a washerwoman in order to be near her boy.

Washington's prowess with a silver dollar is recalled by Milliner's recital of this incident: "We were going along one day, slow march, and came to where the boys were jerking stones. 'Halt,' came the command. 'Now, boys,' said the General, 'I will show you how to jerk a stone.' He beat 'em all. He smiled, but didn't laugh out."

Shall we accept that story or not? The picture of Washington that has come down to us is of a strict but just soldier—the last man in the world who would stop to "jerk stones" with his men. Yet he knew the value of morale, none better, and if he was certain of his prowess as a stone-jerker, how could he better impress his men than by offering them vivid proof of it? Such a story would spread through the army like wildfire (though its credibility is not at all impaired by the fact that only Alexander Milliner seems to have handed it down to posterity) and the memory of it might well have become a vital factor in the instilling of that confidence which is the basis of discipline.

Milliner was present at White Plains, Brandywine, Saratoga, Monmouth (where he received a flesh wound in the thigh), and Yorktown. One may well credit this vivid little incident of Burgoyne's surrender: "When the order came to ground arms, one of the British soldiers exclaimed with an oath, 'You are not going to have my gun' and threw it violently on the ground and smashed it."

And he was at Valley Forge. He recalls "Lady Washington's" visit to that distressed spot, and the fact that "she used thorns instead of pins on her clothes."

Milliner's service to his country did not end with the end of the Revolution. He spent more than five years in the new United States Navy, three of them on the *Constitution*. He was among those present when, on February 20, 1814, that stanch

### LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

PAUL BROWN, William Bradford Turner Post, Garden City, New York.  
WILLIAM B. JOHNSON, Burlingame (California) Post.  
LEONARD H. NASON, Crosscup-Pishon Post, Boston, Massachusetts.  
HERBERT M. STOOFS, First Division Lt. Jefferson Feigl Post, New York City.  
HUGH S. JOHNSON, Orlando Memorial Post, Orlando, Florida.  
WILLIAM HEASLIP, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.  
CHARLES P. SUMMERALL, First Division Lt. Jefferson Feigl Post, New York City.  
CLARENCE F. HOFFERBERT, Dowd Post, Rochester, New York.  
BILL CUNNINGHAM, Crosscup-Pishon Post, Boston, Massachusetts.  
ALBERT THURSTON RICHL, Malden (Massachusetts) Post.  
FRANK STREET, Sergeant Clendenon Newell Post, Leonia, New Jersey.  
BURTON W. MARSH, Benjamin Franklin Post, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.  
JACK FRANKLYN, Maywood (California) Post.  
V. E. PYLES, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.  
SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE, Aviators Post, New York City.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

old vessel fought the *Cyane* and the *Levant*.

William Hutchings was just one hundred when Mr. Hillard sought him out. Born in 1764, he had enlisted in his native State of Maine (then a district of Massachusetts) in 1779, and did not serve out of the State. But he was captured at the siege of Castine and anticlimactically released on account of his youth. It was no fault of his that his military career was no more glorious. Five years on top of his fifteen would have made a lot of difference.

Adam Link, 102, died not long after Mr. Hillard's interview with him. His career proves that the Revolution was something more than a shuttle involving only Boston, New York, New Jersey and coastal Virginia. Link enlisted in 1777 at the age of fifteen at Wheeling, then in

Virginia, and his service was confined to that then distant frontier. His father had been killed by the Indians in his own home, and the boy probably found as much high excitement in his sector as any of the other old-timers did in theirs. His mind was hazy at the time Mr. Hillard sought him out, and his recollections were vague. More is the pity, because his would have been a story far removed from the orthodox channels of Revolutionary reminiscence.

Old Adam Link has one other claim to fame. He manifested a crotchety and unreasonable objection to having his picture taken. Accordingly Mr. Hillard suppressed his clerical conscience for a moment and had Adam Link shot unbeknownst. The result was perhaps the first "candid camera" picture that was ever taken.

## Get Your Winning Colors!

(Continued from page 19)

material. Furthermore, material in these times is universally ready for working in a football sense.

There are good secondary schools to give the colleges foundation. There are great high school leagues, some of them state-wide in scope, that produce some very real stars ready for the final college polish, and capable of taking on a very high gloss.

"All-Scholastic" is a familiar term in these times, and some of these lads don't have to wait for college for their fame. Consider the case of Northwestern's famed Bill De Correvont, for instance. This young man came pretty close to being the most highly publicized player of the year two seasons ago despite the fact that he was still but a senior in a Chicago high school.

The stiffening of the average college schedule in recent years is another major factor in the general difficulty of "picking the winner." It's no longer customary at most addresses to lead off with push-overs. What were first called "suicide schedules," and popularized first, perhaps, by Notre Dame are now growing standard.

Tenser times and the growing tendency of the public to shop for its athletic entertainment as well as its other luxuries may have had something to do with this, but the fact remains that even before things came so tragically unboomed, audiences were becoming bored with the spectacle of recurrent waves of fresh big college strength washing over the thin red line of some exhausted little fellow with one first-string eleven and three or four spares on the bench.

The modern tendency seems to be toward fewer games but stiffer ones, shorter schedules, but all shooting matches.

And the result of all this? Well, look at last year. We don't have to go further, for last year was typical of all modern years—this one included.

Before the shelling began in the season of 1938, all the prophets, major and minor, volunteer and professional, seemed agreed upon certain principal facts.

Pittsburgh undoubtedly would be "the national team." Equipped with "the dream backfield" of Goldberg, Cassiano, Stebbins and Chickerneo, behind two All-America ends in Bill Daddio and Fabe Hoffman, lacking a bit of experience in the line but big, powerful and fast moving, Dr. John Bain Sutherland's was unquestionably to be the gridiron's No. 1 powerhouse.

There were other good teams to be sure. There were Cornell, Dartmouth and Fordham in the East; Ohio State, Minnesota and Illinois in the Big Ten. Jimmy Phelan's Washington Sun Dodgers were the standouts on the Coast, with Southern California and Stanford right up there with them. Denver, Utah and the Whizzer-Whiteless, but still potent, Colorado U. were the red hots of the Rockies, while down in the Southwest where they wear 'em on footballs now instead of six-shooter slugs, it would be Rice, Texas A. & M., Texas Christian, Baylor and Southern Methodist.

The Missouri Valley offered Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Kansas State; Deep Dixie had Louisiana State, Auburn, Alabama and possibly Tulane, Vanderbilt and Tennessee. In the Near South, it was North Carolina with North Carolina State and Duke not many parasangs behind.

If anybody'd been asked to venture a guess as to which individual might use the national gridiron as a personal stage after the fashion (Continued on page 60)

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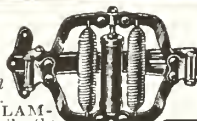
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## Get Your Winning Colors!

(Continued from page 59)

of Grange, or Booth, or Berwanger, Captain Robert MacLeod, of Dartmouth, six feet, 2 inches of self-starting thunderbolt, who'd never tasted defeat, not even in high school, would undoubtedly have got the nomination. Most critics gave it to him anyhow. Captain MacLeod was a halfback, and a holy humdinger. His team was veteran and hadn't been trounced since early October of 1936.

And then, in a blare of bands, and to the rocketing rhythm of cheers, the entire parade teed off!

From the first bloop of the first kick on every front in the nation, Madrid with Franco at the gates or Albania the day Mussolini came calling was a quiet Sabbath at Aunt Mary's in comparison!

The debris was knee deep after the first general salvo, and in not much more than a month, almost no recognizable landmark was left on the horizon in any direction.

Face down, at the very first blaze of the guns, dropped Illinois, Washington, Southern California, Stanford, Rice, Nebraska, Kansas State, Louisiana State and Tulane. The next round took Ohio State, Kansas, Auburn, Georgia Tech, North Carolina State and some more. The third salvo caught Fordham, Cornell, Texas A. & M., Northwestern and North Carolina.

And so it went until practically the entire proud array lay in rubble and wreckage all over the terrain.

When it was all over, not Pittsburgh, nor Washington, nor mighty Minnesota, but Duke's defensive Blue Devils possessed the one perfect record amongst the nation's big fellows, and instead of those leaders nominated by the valiant predictors, top sectional teams were the likes of Texas Christian, Oklahoma and the Tennessee Volunteers.

And after the various Bowl engagements, if they can be considered an integral part of the football season, Duke had been belted out by twice-beaten Southern California, Oklahoma had been hog tied by Tennessee, and Texas Christian's routine triumph over the "Eastern Champion," Carnegie Tech, made it seem obvious that Texas Christian vs. Tennessee would have been the prime football engagement of the entire campaign.

And, although Dartmouth's Bob MacLeod was a unanimous choice with the All-America selectors, and although he did play magnificent football, the little tyke who completely stole the national show in the individual sense was the famed "L'il David" O'Brien of the Purple and White Texas Christians. For almost a month they were flying him all over the country to accept cups, citations and other tokens of superlative stardom.

As for the experts, they were where Moses was when the light went out!

And, although last season could probably stand very well as a preview of this one, which will again see the dope kicked all over the lot, we experts, with heads bloody but unbowed, have emerged like groundhogs from the holes we sought as cover, and are prepared again to try the trick.

We see, in case you're interested, the Catholic colleges in charge in the East, principally Fordham, Holy Cross and Boston College. Pittsburgh has powerful material left, but Coach Sutherland's resignation—really to accept a potent post on the Coast—and all the excitement surrounding it, may have its effect in that particular camp. Cornell, despite heavy graduations, should have another fine team. Nothing much can be expected of Harvard, Yale or Dartmouth. Princeton may surprise, and Brown is about to wake up after a long hibernation.

In the Midwest, it's going to be Michigan, with Northwestern not far back and Minnesota very dangerous. Likewise, watch Wisconsin in that Conference. And Notre Dame, which almost went the full distance last year, is likely to do it this time. On the Coast, I like Stanford, which has practically all of last year's injured team back, plus the recruits from her first undefeated freshman team since 1921. But Southern Cal is again a power out on that slope. Nebraska, Texas Christian, Tennessee and North Carolina are again nominees in their respective zones.

Asked to pick the standout team, I'd say Notre Dame, second choice Michigan.

The outstanding individual player? Harmon, of Michigan, or Saggau of Notre Dame, and don't forget that this is the first year of intercollegiate eligibility of young De Correvont at Northwestern. If he can duplicate in Wildcat spangles what he showed on high school fields, his will be a record to hang in the All-Time halls beside those of Grange, Thorpe, Nevers and Mahan. He appears to have everything that's required, but his coach, Lynn Waldorf, has publicly asked that not too much be expected of the lad at first. That tremendous publicity gives the young sophomore a back-breaking burden to shoulder.

Football is hard to predict because there's nothing static about it. Handicappers rating horses have certain constants they can depend upon. But football changes with each year, bringing new faces, new situations, often new systems, and nobody, no matter how experienced, can tell what a team or even a player will do from merely a look as it or he stands ready to go.

But, whereas the field of individual prediction is entered at the predictor's

own risk, the field of pointing general facts and trends and developments is something else again. The ground there isn't mined in any quarter.

This commentator therefore feels no qualms in predicting that this season will bring you another pyrotechnical display of fine offensive football, a thrilling brand of the game where again both teams will be scoring, with a lot of emphasis on open play, and some great forward passing.

Not over a dozen years ago a crisis of sorts had overtaken football. The rule makers are always at some pains to preserve the balance between offense and defense, but the defense at that time had overtaken the offense. Low scores, drab ties and a dull show in general was the result. Only real students of a sport, possessed of scientific minds, are satisfied with skillful feinting and fencing. The average customer wants action. In football, it's touchdowns.

A more liberal interpretation of the pass laws and a little applied thinking upon the part of the offensive coaches remedied that matter before it was too late. But two years ago, the jitters returned because of the sudden uncropping of an old defensive wrinkle wearing a new coat of paint and known as "the five-man line."

Its mechanics were simple but they likewise were deadly to a general offen-

its huddle and went into the formation from which it planned to run its play, one of the defenders called a defense signal and they all shifted so as to match strength against strength, the two back ladders hopping up into the line with their compatriots, sometimes even reinforced by the defensive fullback. Thus, instead of a five-man line, it was usually a six-, a seven-, or even an eight-man line before the play got away.

The dynamite in this was that it gave the other team no chance to change its signals. It had no opportunity to do this unless it went back into another huddle, and then, even provided it could beat the time limit, it would face exactly the same thing all over again.

It was doubly deadly because it confused the blocking assignments of the offensive players. Carefully schooled to run definite routes predicated upon the theory that they'd contact the opposition at certain precise places and in certain precise numbers, the linemen of the side with the football were completely disconcerted frequently to discover two men in front of them where the coach said there'd be one, or perhaps none at all, with a couple ganging some mate further down the line. This disrupted timing, which meant spoiling plays. It was a great refuge of teams that hadn't much offense and could therefore concentrate upon tearing down the other fellow's.

But the expected general calamity didn't come off. Coaches with five-man-line teams on their schedules abandoned the huddle or modified it with sufficient checks and refinements to permit a quarterback or captain to change the play with a shouted symbol if he didn't like the set of the defense.

Paradoxically enough, this even resulted in some instances in placing the defense upon the double defensive. A team would deliberately huddle, let the five-manners set, then switch the play in a trice and catch the defenders flat footed.

In any event, there was nothing the matter with last year's scoring, not even amongst the big fellows purported to be walls of granite. Typical specimens were: Alabama 19—Southern California 7; Army 20—Harvard 17; Carnegie Tech 20—Pittsburgh 10; Auburn 23—Georgia 14; Michigan 15—Yale 13; Texas Christian 21—Arkansas 14; Wisconsin 20—Northwestern 13, etc. That's dynamite popping all over the place.

This year will see more of the same. There've been no changes of any sort to stop it. The cavalry will be riding.

The ruggedest football in the nation will be played in (Continued on page 62)



"That reminds me to get my overcoat out of hock."

sive system caught entirely unprepared. The five-man line consisted of exactly that on the defensive side of the scrimmage line, with the two other members of the defending line, usually the strongest two, loitering about a yard back and standing up so they could see.

When the offensive team came out of

# PERSONAL

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(SEE PAGE 41)

## THEY ALMOST GOT OUR BROTHER!



Worms, I mean! We all had them, but brother nearly died — and were we scored! Then the Mon of the House come in. "Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES for you," he said, and gave us some.



Boy, we certainly whipped those worms! And was the Mon pleased! "With PUPPY CAPSULES now and SURE-SHOT when you're bigger," he says, "the worms will never get you!"



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## Get Your Winning Colors!

(Continued from page 61)

the Middle West and on the Pacific Slope. The Southwest will crowd both. The East will have an off year speaking in general terms. It's about time. They've been up there for two. Before that, it was the Middle West, with Minnesota on top.

When intersectional lines are crossed, the West will usually triumph over the East, and the North will wallop the South. This is because the western teams outmatch the eastern in manpower, and because northern football, with its major emphasis upon carrying the ball, will usually outscore the southern sort that emphasizes throwing it.

A volume could be written upon these two features alone, but it suffices briefly to explain that the big western teams, especially those representing huge state universities, have a choice of material very few eastern schools can even theoretically match. There are undoubtedly as many high school and prep school football players in the East, but there's such an overplus of colleges, compared to the West, that they are divided too many different ways.

You'll probably see, however, trickier football in the East. When you haven't the beef, you fall back upon guile. A good eastern game is perhaps the prettier to watch, depending considerably of course upon who's doing the watching.

Northern teams, or those schooled in orthodox northern conservatism, will continue to hold the intersectional edge, other things being even approximately equal, over such southern and southwestern representatives as place their principal faith in throwing the melon around as if it were something too hot to handle.

Of course, the southern and especially the southwestern teams throw the ball with cause. The climate is right in their regions for most of the season. They seldom have to contend with bad weather. This not only makes it easy for them to throw the football, but likewise commendable in the interests of conserving strength.

And that's all right when they're playing each other. It's exciting and thrilling football to watch, but it places them at a dire disadvantage in intersectional competition, especially against northern teams.

They not only play "pass crazy" football offensively; they play it defensively. In brief, they're pass crazy two ways. Their lines aren't steeled against the power of a running attack. They're trained primarily to break backward and cover.

This works in their zone, but when they cross some territorial boundary to collide with some team that believes with Minnesota's Bernie Bierman that the

prime, principal and preëminent ingredient of football is running with it and then running some more, they generally find themselves in fatal defensive difficulties.

Past performances tell the story.

The outstanding example, at least the one played upon the most prominent stage, was the debacle of Southern Methodist before a crippled Stanford team in the Rose Bowl of 1936. Their famed "aerial circus" intact, with little Bobby Wilson, their phenomenal trigger man, in prime condition they were completely taken apart by a Stanford team, the stars of which, Bobby Grayson and Monk Moscrip, were literally held together by adhesive tape.

The prescription was simple. Stanford rushed Wilson, thus spoiling his timing. Stanford poured running plays into the Methodist line, which didn't know a great deal about defensive charging. They were past masters, to be sure, at defending against forwards, but Stanford only occasionally propelled an aerial bomb, and then only to set up a running play.

But the story's the same on other fronts. At various times, the Methodists have failed against Army, Notre Dame and last year against Pittsburgh, although it's to be admitted that the first two were close. Texas couldn't triumph over Kansas, and the Texas Aggies failed against Santa Clara last year—and so it has usually gone.

But despite all this, and, in the long look, the biggest story in football these days is the gradual swinging of the national balance of power into this same Southwest. The great Texas empire and its closely affiliated districts is gradually becoming the real football capital of the whole United States. In fact, it may already be.

Texas Christian is quite possibly the first of a long succession of "national teams" that will roar to glory from that general section. The reasons are several. Climate is one. Kids are outdoors all year in that country just as they are in California. Size is another, and principal one, territorial size that means numerical size of material—material that stays at home now and no longer wanders.

That climate grows big, rangy youths and a multitude of them. Oil and new industries have boomed the entire region. Towns have become cities in the last twenty years. Hamlets have become towns. Texas alone is bigger than all New England. It's as big as Germany. It probably by now has as many secondary schools as either. They all have football teams. Specifically, the State of Texas probably has the finest state-wide high school athletic organization of the entire country. It turns out literally thousands



of football players annually, and it's fine material, soundly coached.

There are but six big schools to divide it all—no more than a half-dozen smaller ones.

And the material stays at home in these times. No longer is it necessary for a Christy Flannigan to go to Notre Dame, an Eddie Kaw to Cornell, a Benny Boynton to Williams, a Clarkson Meek to Michigan, a Spider Rheinhart or a Ted Blair to Yale to get a taste of major college football. Those Texas teams now travel all over the nation, and their home country rivalry is now as thrilling, as colorful and as hard fought as any anywhere on the map.

Just maybe, too, their "pass crazy" football will gradually change the complexion of the game in more conservative districts. Some of the others are having to contend with it already. Dutch Schmidt, Ohio State's "Man of 1000 Plays," went there from Texas Christian. He keeps the Big Ten teams in hot water. And Ray Morrison, over at Vanderbilt, worries the Southeast with the razzle-dazzle he perfected at Southern Methodist. It's especially noticeable that Matty Bell and Dutch Meyer are usually members of the "faculty" at big northern coaching schools. The northern brethren want some of their secrets concerning how to use the forward pass.

Some day, perhaps, and in the not too distant future, those Southwestern powers will blend their talented passing with a strong running attack, and will learn how to defend against one without sacrificing the other. When that day arrives, it's going to be a case of old men and cripples, get back of the ropes. There'll be no heading those scions from the old-time cow country then.

But that's dealing in futures, and it's the present that's with us.

## Handle with Care

(Continued from page 35)

"Gene Tunney's article, 'Democracy and Sport,' in the March issue, as he portrayed the program of the A. E. F. boxing carnival held at A. S. P. C. No. 2, interested me greatly. I will always remember the main bout between Tunney and Morrow. Little did we who watched the bout realize that a world's heavy-weight champion was in the bud that night.

"I'd like to hear from some of the old 16th Company buddies."

JUST about the time you are reading this, several score of veterans outfits will be meeting in joyous reunions in Chicago in conjunction with the Legion National Convention. Although we gave ample warning, at least a score of outfit reunions scheduled during the convention

The greatest of all college games still has its abuses—yes.

It's been overemphasized at times. False values have been placed upon victory upon occasion and false depths plumbed in defeat, especially by over-inspired alumni.

Too often, perhaps, is the fact utterly lost sight of that it's only a game wherein eleven youths at a time are engaged with eleven similar youths, and that on any given afternoon, one eleven will be smarter, luckier, stronger or trickier than the other and in all probability will win. And also, after they've won, that that's all it means. It doesn't mean that the victorious gladiators come from any finer homes, are taught by any more noble educators, have any prettier sisters, more charming girl friends, brighter futures in business or any better hopes of eventual salvation.

Most of all, it doesn't mean that one creed or race is any better than another. Rather does it teach that no one of them has any monopoly on the various things such as courage, intelligence, perseverance, decency and sportsmanship that make for enlightened living and general civilization.

Football is high-powered tonic, all the stronger, no doubt, because its entire and intense frenzy is tightly compressed into seven or eight weeks of high pressure enthusiasm. If the public, however, especially the alumni, and most especially, the volunteer alumni, will only play the game on the sidelines in the same spirit of fair play and good sportsmanship which the uniformed warriors consistently and universally follow in these enlightened times, there'll be no cause for any criticism whatsoever.

Football's more than a game; it's a pattern for living.

Let's respect it as such.

Who's kicking off, captain?

were reported to us too late for announcements to be published in this Outfit Notices column. Therefore, we again want to stress the fact that reunion announcements must be received in this office at least five weeks prior to the month in which the reunions are scheduled, so that we may be of service to you.

If your outfit failed to meet this year with the Legion in Chicago, it is not too early to plan for a reunion in 1940 in the Legion's national convention city, which will be determined during the Chicago convention and announced in these columns as promptly as possible.

Details of the following reunions and other activities may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

3D (MARNE) DIV., PENNSYLVANIA SOC.—One-day reunion at Bethlehem, Pa., (Continued on page 67)



Before you put in anti-freeze, be sure your radiator is clean. Clean out the rust, sludge and sediment that are clogging the delicate veins of the cooling system. You can do it yourself with Sani-Flush for 10c (25c for the largest trucks and tractors).

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(SEE PAGE 41)

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## Handle with Care

(Continued from page 63)

Sat., Oct. 28. G. Wallace Daugherty, chmn., 325 E. Broad st., Bethlehem.

4TH DIV. ASSOC., NEW YORK CHAP.—Regular monthly meeting at Columbia University Club, 4 W. 43d st., New York City, 2d Wed. each month. W. J. Massey, secy., 259 W. 14th st., New York City.

5TH DIV.—Copies of divisional history are still obtainable at five dollars from William Barton Bruce, 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.

12TH (PLYMOUTH) DIV.—Proposed organization and reunion. New England 12th vets and all 42d Inf. vets report to L. Irving Beach, 175 High st., Bristol, Conn.; all other 12th vets report to Geo. H. Thamer, 31 Thatcher av., Buffalo, N. Y.

Soc. of 28TH DIV.—In order to prepare up-to-date roster, all Keystone vets are requested to report to Walter W. Haugherty, secy.-treas., 1444 S. Vodges st., Philadelphia, Pa.

DIXIE (31ST) DIV. ASSOC.—All Dixie vets invited to join recently organized association and receive information about reunion to be held at Jacksonville Beach, Fla., in June, 1940. John B. Williams, pres., P. O. Box 643, Miami, Fla.

32D DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Life membership fee of two dollars includes free divisional history. No annual dues. Byron Beveridge, secy., State Capitol, Madison, Wis.

35TH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion, Kansas City, Kans., Oct. 19-20. Leo A. Swoboda, secy., Law bldg., Kansas City, Kans., or Mahlon S. Weed, chmn., The Kansas City Kansan, Kansas City, Kans.

36TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion of Assoc. and Ladies' Auxiliary, Texas Hotel, Ft. Worth, Tex., Oct. 7-8. John A. Hulén, pres., 627 Ft. Worth Club bldg., Ft. Worth.

77TH DIV. ASSOC. extends facilities of its Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, to vets of all outfits who visit the New York World's Fair. Information, housing service, etc. Jos. E. Delaney, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Copy of 77th Division History may be obtained at fifty cents from Chas. J. Cahill, asst. treas., at same address.

WILDCAT (81ST) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Natl. reunion, World's Fair Grounds, New York City, Sept. 30-Oct. 2. Jas. E. Cahall, natl. adjt., Citronelle, Ala.

83D DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—To complete roster, write Ollie J. Haag, adjt., 312 Akron Savings & Loan bldg., Akron, Ohio.

89TH DIV. SOC.—Proposed organization of Eastern Sector in N. Y. Metropolitan area. Write Louis A. Falk, 107 Kensington av., Jersey City, N. J.



91ST DIV. ASSOC., WASH. SECTOR—Annual reunion. New Washington Hotel, Seattle, Wash., Sat., Sept. 30. B. K. Powell, secy., 204 American Bank bldg., Seattle.

GEN. HQ. BN., A. E. F. (CHAUMONT & BOURGES)—Reunion meeting, Detroit Leland Hotel, Detroit, Mich., Oct. 29. J. H. Nampa, secy.-treas., 521 Park av., Bay City, Mich.

5TH INF.—Proposed organization & reunion. Louis Siegel, 9925 62d dr., Forest Hills, N. Y.

308TH INF.—Reunion dance, McAlpin Hotel, New York City, Sat., Oct. 14, auspices 308th Inf. Post and Aux. Proceeds for welfare fund. L. C. Barrett, 157 Beechwood av., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

313TH INF. VETS.—Annual reunion, Montfaucon Post Clubhouse, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 7. B. E. Wigley, adjt., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

HQ. Co., 108TH INF.—9th annual reunion of The Old Outfit, Fox Head Hotel, Niagara Falls, Ont., Nov. 4. Laurence L. Varley, secy., 733 Tonawanda st., Buffalo, N. Y.

Co. II (3d N. J. N. G.) Assoc. (later Co. E, 114TH INF.)—21st annual reunion, Asbury Park, N. J., Nov. 10, with ex-Gov. Harold G. Hoffman as master of ceremonies. E. Knierim, secy., Asbury Park Post, Amer. Legion, Asbury Park.

Co. G, 127TH INF.—15th reunion, Beloit, Wis., Oct. 7. Matt J. Lynaugh, secy., 2613 Van Hise av., Madison, Wis.

Co. I, 141ST INF.—Reunion, Texas Hotel, Ft. Worth, Tex., Oct. 7-8. W. E. Suter, 2305 Forrest st., Beaumont, Tex.

Co. E, 168TH INF.—To join Last Man's Club, send name and address to Everett I. Briggs, secy., 1005 S. Elm, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Co. I, 364TH INF.—21st annual reunion banquet, Tulare Winery, Tulare, Calif., Sat., Nov. 11. Write W. W. Sunkel, 712 Mariposa st., Tulare, to join Last Man's Club.

3D PIONEER INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Get-together party, Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 13. Joel T. Johnson, chmn., 411 Essex bldg., Minneapolis.

52D PIONEER INF. ASSOC. A. E. F.—Annual reunion and dinner, Park Central Hotel, New York City, Nov. 11. N. J. Brooks, 46 W. 48th st., New York City.

312TH F. A. Assoc.—Annual reunion and banquet, New York City, Oct. 21-22, in conjunction with World's Fair. 500 members and families expected. Leonard B. Katze, chmn., 5018 Larchwood av., Philadelphia, Pa.

323D Lt. F. A.—Annual reunion, Ft. Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sat., Oct. 28. Write Edw. C. Ifft, secy., 1023 3d av., Beaver Falls, Pa.

BRVY. D, 80TH F. A.—Reunion, Washington, D. C., Nov. 18. Harry Eckloff, 6430 Ridge dr., Brookmont, Md.

BRVY. B, 112TH H. F. A.—14th annual reunion, Artillery Armory, Camden, N. J., Sat., Nov. 4. M. L. Atkinson, secy., 1020 Linwood av., Collingswood, N. J.

BRVY. E, 136TH F. A.—20th annual reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sat. eve., Nov. 11. John H. Pugh, secy., 1308 Chamber of Commerce bldg., Cincinnati.

BRVY. B, 326TH F. A. Assoc.—3d reunion, Field Artillery Clubhouse, Brownboro Road, Louisville, Ky., Oct. 1. Write W. C. Brown, pres., Box 112, Cynthia, Ky.

55TH ART. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—10th annual reunion, reception and banquet, Hotel Bradford, Boston, Mass., Oct. 13-15. J. A. Murray, chmn., c. o. United Drug Co., 63 Leon st., Boston.

BRVY. F (61ST C. A. C.) OVERSEAS CLUB—To complete roster and get information of reunions, write G. C. Hopkins, secy., 1118 E. 39th st., Savannah, Ga.

43D PROV. Co., CAC (PRESIDIO & FT. WINFIELD SCOTT)—For roster, vets write to H. M. Smith, 445 Omaha Natl. Bank, Omaha, Nebr.

301ST TRENCH MORTAR BTRY.—Annual reunion, Bristol, Conn., Sat., Oct. 7. W. F. Welch, secy., N. Main st., Southington, Conn.

1ST U. S. CAV.—Reunion held in Los Angeles in 1938. For roster, write to Harold B. Stephens, Municipal Band, Long Beach, Calif.

6TH U. S. CAV.—Vets interested in organization and reunion, write Orlo W. Allen, 212 Green st., Sehencetady, N. Y.

VETS. 13TH ENGRS. (RY.)—Annual reunion, Springfield, Mo., June 21-23, 1940. Jas. A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

37TH ENGRS., PITTSBURGH CHAP.—Annual reunion banquet, Ft. Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sat., Nov. 4. C. W. Reynolds, secy., 2228 Saranac av., Pittsburgh.

109TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—6th biennial reunion, Council Bluffs, Iowa, Oct. 7-8. E. W. Rockwell, secy., 1815 Avenue E, Council Bluffs.

304TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—19th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., Nov. 11. Dave Bainbridge, 208 Yeakel av., Erdenheim, Phila., Pa.

314TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, York Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., Sat., Nov. 18. Write Vincent K. Kemp, 5889 Lotus av., St. Louis.

402D TEL. BN., SIG. CORPS.—Reunion, Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 13-14. Write John L. Jacobs, Box 2211, Atlanta, Ga.

1ST PURSUIT GROUP (SQDRNS. 27, 94, 95 & 147)—Reunion, New York City, Nov. 11. Finley J. Strunk, 176 Roosevelt av., Bergenfield, N. J.

6TH ARMY CORPS HQ. TROOP.—Proposed reunion, including 10th Balloon Co. and Hq. Det. Wm. J. Meoni, 702 N. 34th st., Richmond, Va.

FIRST MARINE AVIATION FORCE VETS.—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 11-12. For details, write Jas. F. Boyland, 105 S. LaSalle st., Chicago.

350TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion and banquet, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 14. Thos. C. Daily, 1331 W. Jefferson st., Philadelphia.

879TH & 880TH AERO SQDRNS.—To compile roster, vets report to Robt. F. Wright, 1335 McFerran st., Philadelphia, Pa.

BASE HOSP. 26—Annual reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Fri., Oct. 20. Write Robt. B. Gile, 514 Second av. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

BASE HOSP. 48—Reunion dinner-dance and entertainment, New York City, Oct. 14. Doctors, nurses and enlisted personnel invited. Miss Elsie C. Street, R. N., 1160 Fifth av., New York City.

BASE HOSP. No. 116—21st annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Sat., Nov. 11. Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 415 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

FIELD HOSP. No. 39—Vets interested in reunion, write Erwin G. Rhoades, 61 Pleasant st., Oxford, Mich.

U. S. S. Solace—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., Nov. 4. Dr. R. A. Kern, University Hospital, Philadelphia.

YEOMEN F, MARINES F and WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual Anniversary reunion, New York City, Sat., Nov. 11, under auspices United Women Vets. Council. Sally R. Wolf, comdr., 3400 Tryon av., Bronx, N. Y.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk

THE AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

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